# Saturday Review

JUNE 11, 1955 / 20¢

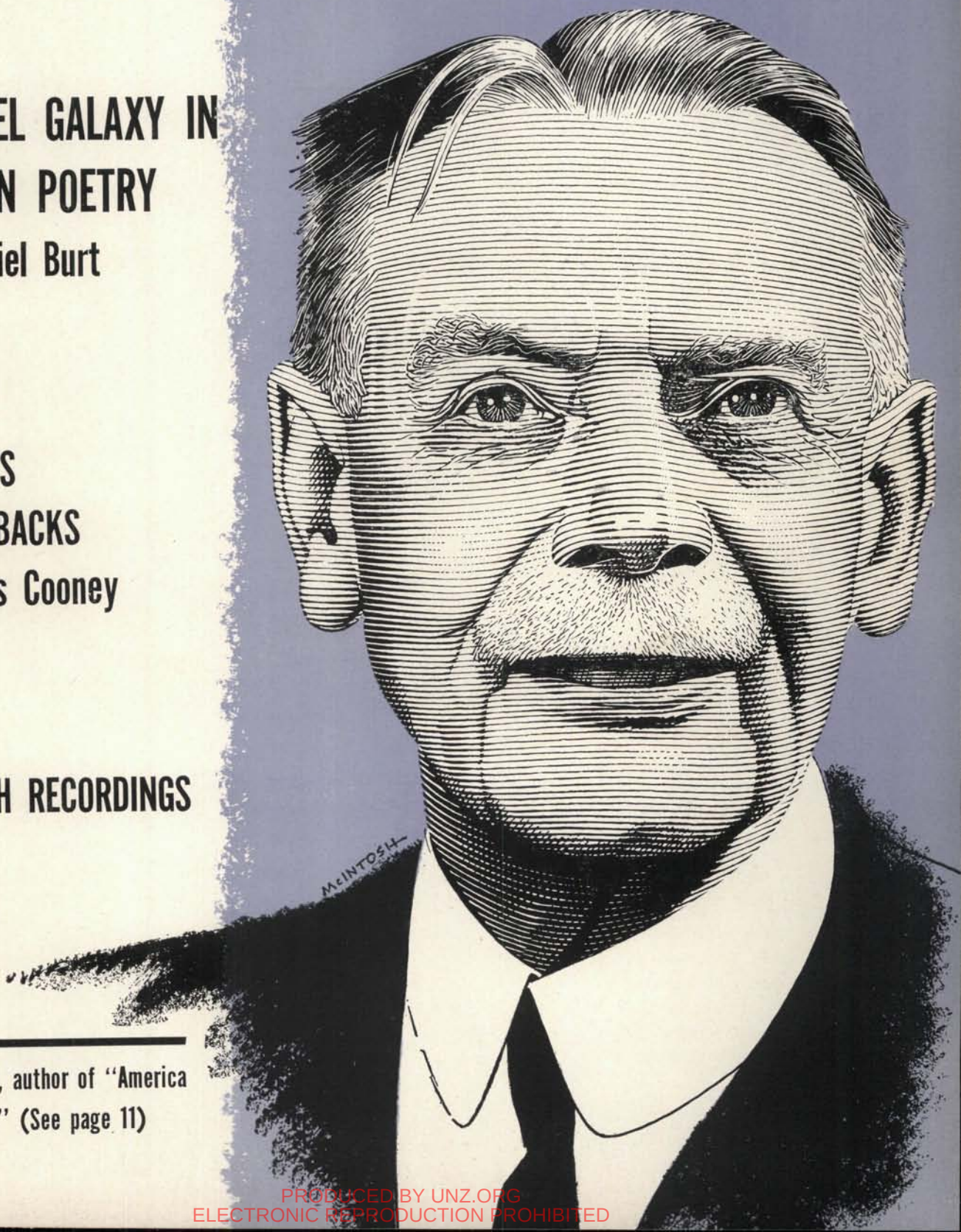
## THE REBEL GALAXY IN AMERICAN POETRY

By Nathaniel Burt

## GOOD NEWS ON PAPERBACKS

By Thomas Cooney

## MID-MONTH RECORDINGS




Andre Siegfried, author of "America at Mid-Century." (See page 11)

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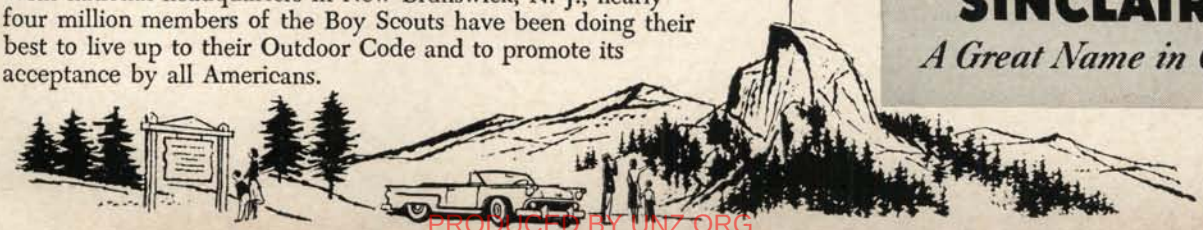

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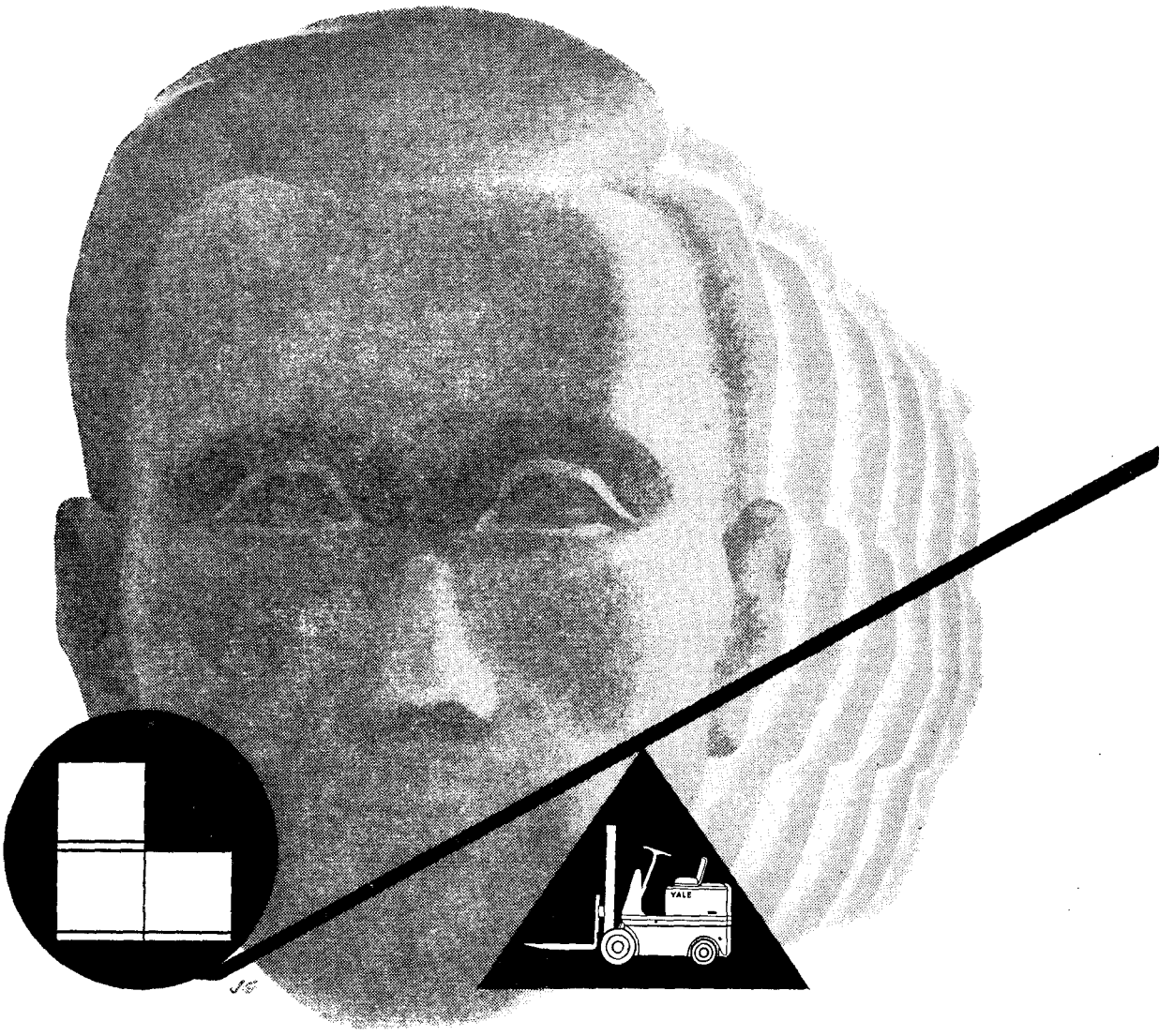


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# The Saturday Review

JUNE 11, 1955

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# TRADE Winds

## PORTRAIT OF A PRO

PUBLISHERS have come to look upon procrastinating authors—not to mention those who never deliver contracted-for manuscripts at all—as an occupational hazard. Any script that arrives within three months of the date stipulated on the original agreement is regarded as a near miracle.

What think you, then, of an author who not only announces, "I'm beginning my new novel two weeks from Thursday. You can set the publication date for August 8. I'll have the final pages on your desk at 2:16 P.M. on April 11"—but actually observes his self-imposed deadline as faithfully as a dedicated military officer leading his troops in a synchronized attack?

The name of this paragon is John Henry O'Hara (he hates the "Henry"), pride of Pottsville, Pa., erstwhile ship steward, railroad freight clerk, press agent, secretary to the late Heywood Broun, and ace reporter—and author of "Appointment in Samarra," "Butterfield 8," "A Rage to Live," "The Farmers Hotel," other novels, some plays, and five full volumes of top-drawer short stories.

O'Hara is just turned fifty and rueful about it, but so mellowed by his recent marriage to Katharine Barnes Bryan, his trigger-temper so curbed, that a legion of gratified friends scarcely know what to make of it all. Had they bothered to observe his consideration for his late wife, Belle, through sixteen happy years, and his gentleness and understanding with his young daughter, Wylie, ever since she appeared upon the scene, they might have known that his belligerent manner often was a deliberate ruse to fool the customers.

I have long admired John O'Hara, though I will not pretend I always understood him. I hope he'll like what I say about him; his reactions are not always predictable. Perhaps, I tell myself, he won't even see this column—which, on the face of it, is ridiculous. John's eagle eye would spot a two-line squib in the *Wappinger Falls Gazette*—and what's more he'd be able to quote it verbatim six years hence—not to mention the inning-by-inning score of a local ball game reported on the reverse side of the clipping.

John has established for himself a very strict code of behavior. That he lives up to it religiously himself is admirable but, unfortunately, he has expected his friends to live up to it too. This has not always been easy, since there were some secret clauses in the code he never bothered to explain. The result was occasional, painful misunderstandings—a waspish friend once dubbed John "a master of the fancied slight"—and since O'Hara is built like a Notre Dame fullback and packs a lethal wallop in either fist, victims of the misunderstandings sometimes bore lingering mementoes in the form of black eyes and lacerated lips.

There was one period of three months in my own otherwise placid relationship with John when he didn't speak to me, though to this very day I have not the slightest idea what I did or said that angered him. But if he nurses minor grievances too long, he also remembers every favor and act of friendship conferred upon him. As if that were not enough to set him apart entirely from most other top-grade writers, John is also meticulously punctual for all engagements and is an inveterate reacher-for-checks, even when dining with his publisher, unaware perhaps that lesser shocks than this have removed more than one purveyor of literary works prematurely from the land of the living.

WHEN John O'Hara begins to write he knows exactly what he wants to say. This enables him to leave off in the middle of a sentence one evening and take up again without hesitation the next morning—or week, if necessary. He never goes back to read what he has written until the book is half finished. The constant and tortured rewriting that stymies most other authors is regarded by O'Hara as a "mere stall."

Early in 1954 there came a time when O'Hara urgently needed some regular outside interest to occupy his mind. Jim Kerney, of the *Trenton Times-Advertiser*, and the editors of *Collier's* appeared providentially and proposed weekly columns, to be run concurrently, with no holds barred, on any subject that happened to engage his fancy. The Trenton stint was limited to six months at the outset,

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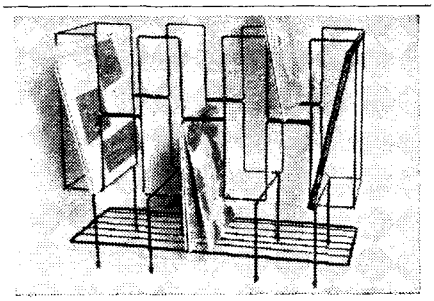

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but O'Hara enjoyed the *Collier's* chore so thoroughly it's become a regular part of his life. His "Appointment with O'Hara" now heads off every issue of the magazine with style and *éclat*.

His pieces for Jim Kerney were so good that they have been assembled and integrated for a book called "Sweet and Sour." If you have any interest at all in authors and publishers and their strange ways, you will enjoy this book. Me it's given an inferiority complex. I know now that almost anything I may want to say on these subjects in Trade Winds that rascal O'Hara will have said before me—and better.

O'Hara does not think highly of publishers' blurbs, the photographs of authors they slap on the back of book jackets, or novels about *Time* magazine. He particularly loathes publishers who don't read important manuscripts themselves—and can spot a bluffer on this score from 500 paces on an overcast day. He *does* appreciate William Faulkner, Ernest Hemingway, Wolcott Gibbs, Louis Kronenberger, and Frank Sullivan (to name just a few of his enthusiasms). Once he became curious about the date of Sullivan's first Christmas poem in *The New Yorker* and sent him the following telegram: "Please wire prepaid and none of that collect stuff the date of your first Christmas greeting." Sullivan replied, "Did first Christmas greeting for *New York World* about 1929. Did one for magazine *Judge* in 1931 and first one for *New Yorker* in 1932. Estimate I will run out of names about 1980. *Collier's* is wonderfully improved lately. What can it be?"

O'Hara's taste for lovely women is impeccable. I know because he's always liked the same girls I have. He is also a connoisseur of food, gents' furnishings, and ginger ale and pop, SSO (since swearing off). One of his newer enthusiasms is a fetching new movie starlet from Burma named Win Min Than. When he questioned her she answered in a voice so gentle he wanted to assure her no harm would befall her. "She revealed," he says, "that her living quarters in Rangoon were shared by a fourteen-foot king cobra, the property and pet of some elderly female relative of hers. The way I figure, a girl who can live with a king cobra should not be afraid of me at my worst, and my worst was reached quite a few years ago."

O'Hara's flawless ear for dialogue is matched by his minute knowledge of the terrain he writes about. He acquires his facts by exploring strange roads — preferably ensconced in a small, high-powered, open car. This habit, he insists, has "nothing to do

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with the advice of certain protectors of American literature, who, for twenty years, have been saying, 'O'Hara, get lost'."

I seldom have met an author worth his salt who cannot remember in detail—and with a certain residue of rancor—any important adverse review that has been accorded his work. The raves and huzzahs he can take in stride, indeed forget them almost as soon as he's read them, but the knocks burn themselves into his subconscious. O'Hara is no exception to this rule. He still bristles over the unfavorable piece a Manhattan drama critic turned in on that wonderful O'Hara-Rodgers-Hart musical "Pal Joey" back in 1940. Nor did the fact that this one critic who turned thumbs-down reversed himself completely when "Pal Joey" was triumphantly revived a few years ago assuage the author's wounded feelings.

MORE justified, I think, was O'Hara's indignation when *The New Yorker*, the magazine for which he had written his finest pieces over a period of years, seemed to take a malicious delight in singling out his "A Rage to Live" for a vitriolic and, to me, inexcusable attack. *The New Yorker* editors learned to rue that day. O'Hara never has written a word for them since, despite discreet overtures made to him from time to time. Indeed, the author of the offending piece approached him in a Fifty-second Street restaurant a few years ago and proposed, "This being the holiday season, John, what say we shake hands and forget our differences?" John's expression froze. "I will give you," he said, "exactly thirty seconds to get out of my sight." I never saw a critic disappear so quickly. For the sake of everybody concerned, including readers, I'd like to see this impasse resolved. O'Hara's stories belong in *The New Yorker*.

A possession that John O'Hara cherishes is a cigarette case that was presented to him by John Steinbeck. O'Hara subscribes wholeheartedly—and you will, too—to the inscription Steinbeck had engraved on this case: "The lonely mind of one man is the only creative organ in the world and any force which interferes with its free function is the Enemy."

At the present moment John and his lovely bride are holed up in their Princeton abode—which he dearly loves—where John, putting aside two play projects for the nonce, is working in his typical fashion on a new major novel entitled "Ten North Frederick." O'Hara says this one will be finished in good time for publication in November. You can bet 100 to 1 on it. —BENNETT CERF.

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## What makes a newspaper great?

One mark of journalistic excellence is the kind of creative editing and reporting which prompts other editors from coast to coast to say of a story or feature, "I want that in *my* paper."

The newspaper features and stories represented above, originally written for the Minneapolis Star and Tribune, have in recent months been purchased and published by more than 70 leading newspapers throughout the nation.

**CARROLL BINDER,** famed foreign affairs expert and editorial editor of the Minneapolis Tribune, had articles on his around-the-world trip published in the Chicago *Daily News*, the Louisville *Courier-Journal* and many other top newspapers.

**VICTOR COHN,** nationally known science writer of the Minneapolis Tribune, was featured in the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch*, Detroit *News*, Portland *Oregonian*, Winnipeg *Free Press* and 24 other newspapers.

**JAY EDGERTON,** Upper Midwest historian and editorial writer of the Minneapolis Star, authored the Lewis and Clark comic strip which also runs in the Kansas City *Star*, Des Moines *Register* and other papers.

**WILL JONES,** entertainment columnist for the Minneapolis Tribune, wrote a series of stories which also appeared in the Boston *Globe*, and the New York *World-Telegram* among other newspapers.

**CARL ROWAN,** prize-winning Minneapolis Tribune reporter, wrote a series on his four-month tour of India which also were printed by the Detroit *Free Press*, Baltimore *Sun*, Milwaukee *Journal*, Pittsburgh *Press* and 27 other newspapers.

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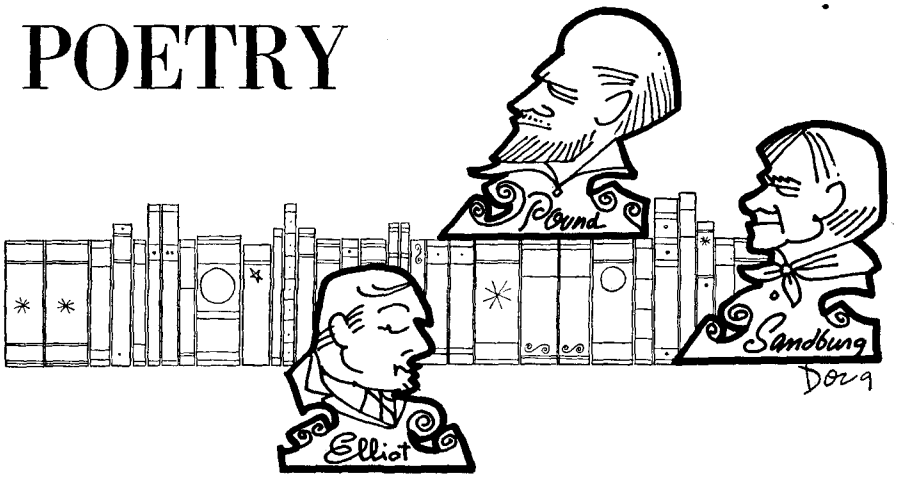
The Saturday Review

JUNE 11, 1955

# THE REBEL GALAXY IN AMERICAN POETRY

## *Fops, Roughnecks and Bohemians Made Respectable*




*It seems that the great majority of well-known American poets—the "fops, the roughnecks, and the bohemians," as Nathaniel Burt facetiously calls them—are one by one putting out their "complete" or "collected" works in this same mid-century decade. Whether this means that the whole generation is about to surrender its laurel crown forever he doesn't say, but Mr. Burt (author of last year's novel "Scotland's Burning") here collects the "collecteds," and surveys the American poetry scene.*

By NATHANIEL BURT

WE ARE now privileged to witness a magnificent literary event, certainly one of the most spectacular, thus far, of the century. Like great galleons rolling in on the surf, one after another the Collected Works of our poets break on the critical shores and spill out their peculiar treasures for us. In a sort of sunset blaze the harvest of nearly fifty years of poetry is being gathered in, and it is only fitting, I think, that Americans render some sort of homage, and pause to count their blessings.

Beginning with Frost's "Complete Poems" in 1949, each year has seen another "Complete" or "Collected" volume: Sandburg's "Complete Poems" in 1950, Eliot's "Complete" and MacLeish's "Collected" in 1952, Aiken in 1953, Cummings, Stevens, and Van Doren in 1954, all either "Complete" or "Collected." And the roster is still not filled out. Though New Directions published the "Cantos" in 1948, we have still to see a "Complete Poems" from Pound. Jeffers certainly will deserve a summation before long; William Carlos Williams, too, as soon as he has definitely done up Paterson, New Jersey. Tate's "Poems" of 1947 will be soon out of date, and are we to assume that the slim "Selected Poems" of 1945 is the last we shall hear of John Crowe Ransom? Many of these men are still working, of course. But on the whole the returns are in, and the phenomenon can be surveyed as a whole.

Frost, Eliot, Sandburg, Stevens, Pound, Jeffers, MacLeish, Ransom, Williams, Tate, Van Doren, Aiken, Cummings: the names are arranged with deliberate incongruity. There could seem to be no greater contrast, indeed antipathy, between the styles and attitudes represented by these names. Yet still they do seem to belong together. Not, certainly, as a school, but nonetheless as a group, an epoch, a sort of loose constellation. And despite their divergencies, they have in fact much in common.

First, and perhaps deceptively foremost, the accidents of biography. They were all born in the nineteenth century, and they are all, as of 1955, still alive; no great feat in itself, but perhaps a remarkable coincidence for members of a traditionally shortlived profession. (Frost, born in 1875, is the oldest; Tate, born in 1899, just in on the tail end of the century, the youngest.) They all then grew up before the First World War. The styles of all of them were fixed and their reputations made by 1930. (They are all, for instance, included in Van Doren's superlative anthology, "American Poets 1630-1930," published by Little, Brown in 1932.) They have continued

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"It's for walking under—I call it an 'arch'."

to produce and to maintain these reputations through the Second World War and its aftermath. None of them got shot, none of them starved, and none of them fell into the oblivion that catches so many early reputations. (Unlike, say, poor Maxwell Bodenheim, to whom all three of these sad things happened.)

They are also, again very differently, rebels, protestants, subversives, seceders from the established society and literature of their place and period. In poetry they between them destroyed that faint afterglow of Victorianism now known as the Genteel Tradition: the borrowed forms, the careful cultivation of the decencies in morals and meter, the reverence for the Best, the optimistic hopes of Progress. In attitude, act, and method they declared themselves outside the old stock, puritan, middle-class background from which all of them (except Sandburg) sprang. Not one of them had, or has, a good word to say for either the refined bourgeois world of William Dean Howells or the crass one satirized by Sinclair Lewis. They didn't like "Babbitt" or "George Apley." They were uncompromisingly down on both *The Saturday Evening Post* and *The Atlantic Monthly*. They were agin' Normalcy and Convention.

Their attacks, escapes, and revenges took different forms, but turned from Respectability generally in three directions: Up, Down, and Out( and of course always In). It is as characters, almost one might say in their costumes as Fop, Roughneck, and Bohemian that one sees them. Frost in his shiny serge making a caustic aside at Town Meeting, Eliot with bowler and furled umbrella about to munch a crumpet with the Archbishop, Sandburg in brakeman's overalls and bandanna strumming the geetar in a stove-lit shanty, Stevens in impeccable black, rosebud in buttonhole, off in his glass coach and four to a gathering of the Hartford Wits (heavily insured). (This game may be played indefinitely: MacLeish, brown and trim in dungarees, hopping ashore from his sloop into the hot noon of a Mediterranean port; Aiken drifting like the Lady of Shalott down the opalescent stream of his consciousness, an Orange Blossom [drink, not flower] in one hand, cigarette in the other; Jeffers, his profile rigged so as to catch the full weight of the dying sun, preparing to offer some appropriate human sacrifice to the Gods of the Big Sur; and so forth.)

As Fops we cast Eliot, Stevens, Ransom, and perhaps Tate; as Roughnecks, Sandburg, Frost, Williams, perhaps Jeffers; as Bohemians, Cummings, Pound, MacLeish, perhaps Aiken. The categories tend to cross, fray, and mingle. Only Van Doren remains obstinately what he is: Prometheus in a bow tie, the suburban upper-middle-class poet. Even that honesty seems, in its very consciousness, something of a pose.

THESE classifications, of course, are more facetious than real. But at least they indicate to what extent these men have become symbols of the nonconformist, the anti-bourgeois. The rebellions of the Bohemians are obvious; hardly less so those that turn to the proletariat, the Vermont farmer, the primitive cruelties of simple California coast dwellers. The fop is less plain a rebel, but a rebel nonetheless. He retreats out of the actual present middle into a vanishing or imaginary upper class, English feudal, urban fastidious, Southern agrarian, and punishes the bourgeois with his superior contempt. Whatever worlds they chose, not one of them stayed, as say Longfellow or Tennyson stayed, in the fold of the prosperous, respectable governing class of their period and place: America between 1900 and 1930. They wanted, and they got, Out.

Yet curiously, despite their attacks on American middle-class *status quo*, another thing that distinguishes them as individuals and relates them as a group is their almost ferocious Americanism. As opposed to Genteel writers, who praised America in such an un-American way, these cussed her in pure Yankee. In repudiating what they were told was the American Tradition of Letters (diluted Lowell, the brighter, faker side of Whitman and Emerson) they actually succeeded in capturing and recreating the only valid American tradition: that of the pioneer (or the snail) who painfully creates for himself, out of the wilderness of his personal experience, his own portable cosmos. Pound is never so American as when he is excoriating his country, or Eliot so typical as when he is most Anglomane. Jeffers's Greece is derived from the sagas of his bloodthirsty ranchers, MacLeish's cosmopolitanism retains always the savor of the college boy's *Wanderjahr*.

This Americanism is effective, however, precisely because it does go behind the attitudes, because it is really derived in philosophy and technique from Amercans. Most of all from Whitman, Poe, and Thoreau-Emerson. From Whitman, the cardinal maxim that nothing, nothing is alien to po-

(*Continued on page* 39)

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AMERICA

# Destiny Burning at Both Ends

***"America at Mid-Century," by André Siegfried*** *(translated by Margaret Ledéssert. Harcourt, Brace. 357 pp. $5.75), is a second look, twenty-eight years after, by the author of the widely-read "America Comes of Age." Here it is reviewed by Professor Allan Nevins of Columbia University, whose many books include several collections of impressions of the United States by European visitors.*

By Allan Nevins

ANDRÉ SIEGFRIED wrote his perceptive book "America Comes of Age" at a singularly uninspiring moment of our history. It appeared in 1927, when Calvin Coolidge was in the White House, Babbitt controlled ten thousand communities, the Ku Klux Klan yet retained some vitality, our rural economy was sunk in a nadir of depresstion, labor was at the mercy of open-shop organizations, and isolationism in foreign affairs rode high, wide, and mean-spirited. He brought to that early survey a liberal spirit, a Gallic insight, and the outlook of a man devoted to world civilization. H. L. Mencken could not find a single misstatement in his ample book, and John Haynes Holmes praised it as combining microscopic penetration with astronomic sweep of vision. It was heartening to countless readers that M. Siegfried saw below the shortcomings of the nation to its real vigor.

—*Burck in the* Chicago Sun-Times.

"The Full Picnic Basket."

Now, in "America at Mid-Century," he writes to describe the results of a many-sided and healthy revolution. He can analyze phenomena even more far-reaching and certainly more inspiring than "the lesson of Henry Ford"; the lesson, good so far as it goes, of mass-production, high wages, and mass-consumption at ever-lower prices. He can delineate, that is, the fruits of the New Deal, of the tremendous wartime mobilization, of the neo-prosperity after the war, of the new social era at home, and of American leadership of the free world abroad. He traces a change that has affected every human being on the planet: the rise of America concomitantly with the decline of Europe. He comprehends the magnitude of his theme, which he sums up at the end with a quotation from Corneille: "A great destiny is ending, a great destiny is beginning."

M. Siegfried (now eighty) holds a unique place. Continental writers on the United States have had in general one great advantage and one prime disadvantage as compared with more numerous British observers. Their advantage is that, coming from a culture substantially alien to that of America, they see our life with a sense of novelty, a sharp appreciation of differences, which enables them to criticize it more freshly. Their point of view is brighter because it takes less for granted. M. Siegfried, a Frenchman through and through, makes the most of this qualification.

The prime disadvantage of a Maurois or a Jules Romains compared with, say, an Englishman like Graham Hutton in his extraordinary "Midwest at Noon" is that, being alien, they sometimes fail to understand shades of significance in our institutions which a Briton grasps intuitively. They commit blunders because they lack inbred instinct. No Spaniard can really grasp our church-state relationships; few Frenchmen but feel our two-party system (which is a triumph of rationalism) curiously irrational. But M. Siegfried minimizes this disadvantage. His curiosity and verve have never flagged. With a first-hand knowledge of America going back nearly sixty years, and with fifteen visits behind him, he has imbibed the true spirit of American life and ways.

His expertness is manifest nearly

**THE AUTHOR:** Despite the myopic affront of *The World Almanac*, which does not mention it at all in its year-by-year listing of "Memorable Dates," 1875 is, with striking generosity, certainly turning out a distinguished line of octogenarians these days. Albert Schweitzer! Fritz Kreisler! Thomas Mann! André Siegfried! M. Siegfried was born on April 21 in Le Havre, and soon began studying the world. By the time he was twenty-five he had visited five continents and spent a year in the U.S., an itinerary which launched his career as a stimulating, often conservative, and controversial interpreter of the world to France, and vice versa. Altogether he has been here fifteen times, a feat he discussed the other day in Paris. "I was attracted by the study of the USA, since my father, a cotton importer, had visited America during the Civil War and had had the privilege of knowing Lincoln, being often a guest at the White House," he said. "He believed in traveling and wanted his sons to go round the world when their studies were completed. I have had the privilege of being introduced to nearly all the Presidents: Cleveland, Wilson, McKinley, Coolidge, Hoover, Roosevelt, and Eisenhower." His impressions of the USA were first summed up in "America Comes of Age" in 1927. Further, he has written about England, Canada, Switzerland, Latin America, and, *ça va sans dire*, France. In between he has served as a French delegate to several international parleys, including the 1945 San Francisco Conference that wrote the U.N. Charter. (In his youth he tried to get elected to the Chamber of Deputies—his father had been a member—but was defeated.) Otherwise he teaches—he is a professor of political science at the École Libre des Sciences Politiques and a professor of economic geography at the Collège de France—and writes for newspapers—his articles turn up regularly in *Le Figaro*. Still he gets around. "Lately," he said, "I have traveled in North America, South America, Africa, India, and all the European countries outside the Iron Wall."

—Bernard Kalb.

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everywhere in this new book. Appreciating the many-sided transformation which has overtaken America in thirty years, he has carefully resurveyed every problem. Hardly one—the Negro, the Jew, the schools, the church, immigration, birth-control, labor, the personnel of government, the press, television, and such abstractions as nationalism—does he fail to treat in the light of our latest development. At times we feel that the vastness of the subject overpowers him: that America has grown too big, too complex, for one man or one book; that to escape superficiality, a corps of economists, sociologists, and historians is needed. M. Siegfried commits some errors, as when he writes that in 1952 most newspapers, even Republican, supported Stevenson. He makes over-sweeping generalizations, as in remarking that the American child "is not badly brought up, he is just not brought up at all." He sometimes exaggerates, as in treating the difference between Protestant and Catholic views of marriage. He fails to discuss some great and complex problems, such as recent changes in the structure of industry and the enlarged role of managerial and technological groups.

But M. Siegfried is stimulating even when he is less than profound. He is provocative in the reasons he gives for saying that American public opinion is shaped mainly by our women and adolescents. He is equally provocative in his reasons for believing that the Protestant Anglo-Saxon tradition continues dominant in the nation. If he fails to see deeply into economic affairs, he certainly understands our Government in a way that the theory-ridden Harold Laski never did. One of his wise remarks is that Senator Taft's career under Eisenhower, after all his right-wing isolationism, "proves that the responsibilities of power inevitably bring those in authority into a political orientation which is always the same." What he has to say about our progress toward a specially trained administrative corps in government is shrewd and encouraging.

IN HIS observations on the spirit or soul of America, M. Siegfried says in large part what Tocqueville, Harriet Martineau, Mackay, and Bryce said before him, but with novel illustrations. Like them, he is struck by our materialism, our aggressive personal independence, our nomadism, our pragmatism, our weakness for uniformity, our love of comfort combined with a queer inability to sit down and enjoy it. He puts some of his definitions acutely. All Americans, he notes, however diverse their origins, are similar in bearing, action, and outlook. "They all have the same spontaneous reactions, a similar slowness of thought and movement which contrasts sharply with the vivacity of the Latin races; but the deliberation is accompanied by a restlessness that contrasts strongly with the habitual calm of the Englishman. It is the paradox of a sluggish temperament swirled along in a hectic, relentless rhythm."

One central point upon which M. Siegfried insists is that during the last thirty years America has become more American, accentuating its divergence from Europe. This is of course true for two main reasons, of which he deals with only one. Europe has grown away from America because of the terrible disruptions which have maimed and distorted its life; two civil wars and the threat of a third have abraded its culture, warped its views, and here and there (as in sections of France) broken its spirit. Meanwhile America has grown away from Europe. It has become an economic giant; its faith in its own literature, its own art, its own ideas, has partly kept pace with its belief in its political and economic superiorities. Along with more self-confidence and more maturity, we have also developed our own special psychology. Optimism, hurry, absorption in the future, and restlessness are part of it; so also is the spirit defined by Henry Ford in a sentence caught up by M. Siegfried: "Progress is an attitude or an atmosphere rather than a definite frontier that has to be crossed."

This book so far as it concerns America is a cheerful volume. Its import is that our republic has changed for the better. The idealism of the New Deal years, the altruism of the Marshall Plan, the vigor of our war effort, the resiliency of our postwar economy, have greatly impressed M. Siegfried. He sees our American scene, with a few dark spots, irradiated in general with sunshine. But in its occasional glances at the world in general this is a rather sad book. M. Siegfried sees it out of balance. Its freedom, prosperity, and courage depend too largely on one nation; in a healthy world material and moral power will be better distributed. To this view we can well say Amen. It is one of the duties of America, in the next thirty years, to help bring that healthier and better balanced world into being.

# Siegfriedisms

**"America at Mid-Century,"** *which Allan Nevins reviews on these pages, is a discerning and friendly assessment of the U.S. as it appears to the European economist and historian Andre Siegfried. That M. Siegfried can also be needling, is proved by the following excerpts:*

• • In the United States everyone is ready to give his opinion on any subject with the greatest assurance . . .

• • The development of strange religious sects is not an American monopoly . . . but the United States appears to have a soil particularly favorable to their growth. . . . If I said that I was Elijah come to life again there would be Americans who would believe me.

• • The [American school] pupil is given plenty of meat, but no effort is made to see that he chews it and assimilates it.

• • There are in no country so many women who devote themselves to the public good, concern themselves with social reforms; from this, since the whole country is imbued with a semi-religious idea of service, comes a dangerous combination of morals and politics, as seen in temperance societies, in anti-colonialism, and in numerous leagues in support of good government, the effects of which are not uniformly beneficial.

• • If I were drawing up a guide to the religious attitude most suitable to adopt in order to gain social distinction in the United States I should state that a Presbyterian would find no advantage in becoming an Episcopalian, but that a wealthy Methodist or an important Jew might well consider it.

• • It was said ironically in Austria-Hungary, under the old regime, that no man below the rank of a baron need be considered as a man. In the United States is the Negro really considered a man? The American message to the world is thus weakened by not being entirely humane.

• • The American is convinced that man can accomplish anything and that technical progress can solve any problem.

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# White Light on Segregation

***"The Strange Career of Jim Crow," by C. Vann Woodward*** *(Oxford University Press. 155 pp. $2.50), traces the changing social relations between whites and Negroes in the South since the Civil War. E. Franklin Frazier, professor of sociology at Howard University, who reviews it below, is the author of "The Negro in the United States"*

By E. Franklin Frazier

IN THE introduction to his important and timely new book, "The Strange Career of Jim Crow," C. Vann Woodward states the thesis that the South has undergone more changes than any other region in the United States. Each of the successive regimes resulting from these changes has had a characteristic economic, political, and social organization and a pattern of race relations. During the phase of Southern history which began in 1877 with the withdrawal of Federal troops from the South, "the determination of the Negro's place took shape gradually under the influence of economic and political conflicts among divided white people."

Although the new pattern of Negro status was regarded as the "final settlement," there has been a New Reconstruction which began in the Thirties and reached full momentum in the decade following the Second World War.

Segregation, Professor Woodward points out, was established in the public schools, churches, and armed forces of the South during the Reconstruction period after the Civil War; even then, there were on the whole good feelings between the races and no segregation in public services. The conservative whites were opposed to segregation and regarded squeamishness about contact with Negroes as a sign of white lower-class status. Nor were Negroes completely disfranchised. Then, in the latter decades of the nineteenth century, the conservatives lost political power because of their economic policies and their alignment with Northern conservatives. When faced with the threat of the Populists seeking the support of the landless Negroes, the conservatives raised the cry of Negro domination.

Thus Southern capitulation to racism resulted from the "economic and political conflicts among divided white people." The Negro became the scapegoat, and publicists, demagogues, churchmen, and so-called social scientists were prompt in providing a rationalization of segregation, disfranchisement, and the doctrine of Negro inferiority. However, it was not only the South that provided the rationalization. The U. S. Supreme Court handed down decisions which sanctioned racial discrimination, and Northern writers—scholars as well as laymen—joined the chorus in upholding white supremacy, and announcing the agreement of Northern and Southern opinion on the Negro question.

The changes in American life which undermined the agreement on the inferior status of the Negro began during the First World War with the urbanization and relocation of a large part of the Negro population, were augmented by the acute economic problems created by the Depression, and a shift in political power, and were continued by the international tensions created by the Second World War. In this respect the South presents a contrast to the "tragic dilemma" of South Africa, which many observers supposed presented the same racial problem as the South.

IN HIS preface Professor Woodward states that "some of the most widely held sociological theories regarding segregation are based upon erroneous history." To this reviewer, who himself is a sociologist, this statement is a justifiable criticism of most sociological theories regarding racial segregation in the United States. Without examining the historical evidence, the majority of sociologists who have written about segregation have assumed that segregation was an inevitable consequence or heritage of slavery.

Sociologists have too frequently invoked some concept as the mores, which were supposed to have been generated spontaneously, to explain patterns of race relations without studying the historical circumstances in which these patterns of race relations have developed. One of the most important contributions of this short study is that it shows how the racial problem grew out of economic conflicts, and that the race problem was *made* and that men can *unmake* it, as they are attempting today. Related to this contribution is another: establishment of the fact that, having had the experience of living together during slavery, whites and blacks lived together several decades after the Negro was free without the need of a system of segregation.

This book offers to the scholar convincing evidence of the necessity of historical knowledge in formulating theories about race relations. Moreover, it should be read by everyone, specialist and layman, who would, undertake to deal with the problem of desegregation, a problem which can be understood only when segregation is seen in its proper historical perspective.

C. Vann Woodward—"convincing evidence."

# In Spring

By Jean MacCollom

LET us forget death and the winter dearth
And the homely hearth,
And go, glad survivors, forth
To the flush of summer birth.

Let us tramp over the spongy lawn
To where the young vine
Is reborn, and unfurls again
Out of midnight into the dawn.

Now winter is conquered, our life's bread
And the green blade
Seem not so lately bestowed,
Nor the dead so lately dead.

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# Sugar-Coated Squalor

***"Parade of Pleasure," by Geoffrey Wagner** (Library Publishers, 192 pp. $6), is a study of popular American culture as it is revealed through comic books, cheesecake magazines, moving pictures, and TV shows.*

By Hollis Alpert

FEW critics, I suspect, would be willing to undertake the kind of literary slumming Geoffrey Wagner, a young Britisher now living in this country, undertook to get the material for his book "Parade of Pleasure." With almost terrifying enthusiasm he has waded through the collected works of Mickey Spillane, through hundreds of comic books with titles like "Tales from the Crypt," "Terrors of the Jungle," and "Blackhawk the Red Executioner," through cheesecake magazines like *Night and Day, Peepshow,* and *Whirl,* and he has examined some of our most penny-dreadful movies and TV shows as well.

His main purpose was to expose the undercurrent of violence that runs through all this material. By the time he is through with the summation of the evidence, however, it is no longer an undercurrent but a main current that he wishes us to view and judge.

It is in exactly this respect that his study becomes, if not biased, at least distorted. In dealing with the subject of "pop kutch" or "popular iconography" as he also terms it, one should deal with the mass and not choice segments of the mass. When he cites the circulation figures of *Night and Day* (several hundred thousand) they wouldn't seem very alarming if placed next to the figures for *Life, Look, McCall's, The Saturday Evening Post,* and several other magazines with circulations in the millions. These he hardly examines, if at all. One would have to look long and hard for evidences of sadism and violence in their policies; it wouldn't take much of an examination to discover that all of these magazines frequently go in for highly responsible journalism.

This approach (which is a headlong and even foolish one) is the same one used when he looks at American movies. He cites an obscure study (made in New Zealand, of all places) to show that American movies contain an average of eight acts of crime and violence per feature, without bothering to find out what percentage of American movies enter New Zealand in any given year. Not all our products are exported. Nor, for the specific examples he cites, does he trouble to discover their box-office grosses. A comparison with non-violent movies might be helpful here. For instance, did "Big Jim McClain" do better than "Ma and Pa Kettle at Home"? Did it manage to outgross the non-violent "An American in Paris"?

"PARADE OF PLEASURE" was obviously written for an English audience. The book appeared there first, and has now been imported, presumably to alarm us as well. Studies of this kind would certainly be valuable if done dispassionately and reasonably accurately. Mr. Wagner has loaded his dice, all the way. The pin-up magazines, he direly predicts, are turning us into a nation of bosom worshipers, might even eventually alter the typical American woman on the top-heavy side. The comic books, he fears, may not only brutalize our population, but lead us to the fascist state and total war. All these conclusions are so extreme that they quite take away from the value of the arguments.

He is right to worry about the effect of swollen bosoms and horror comics on the incidence of juvenile delinquency. But his is certainly not the only voice crying in that wilderness. Some of the crying, in fact, has taken effect; there are distinct signs of a clean-up in the comic-book field. He, at one point, comes out for Federal investigation of the entire field. This might seem a logical way to handle the matter in Great Britain; to most responsible Americans, sickened by the irresponsibility of such investigations, it is exactly the way not to do it. What has resulted, then, in "Parade of Pleasure" is a bad book on a good subject. I'll spare Mr. Wagner a parade of examples of his muffs, bad jokes, and stuffy generalizations. And it's not really considered good marksmanship, after all, when one manages to shoot only sitting ducks.

# Civil War Memoir

**THREE-STARRED LOUISIANA GENTLEMAN:** One of the brighter footnotes to the story of the Confederacy and one of the more polished writers of war memoirs was the youngest son of President Zachary Taylor. Published in 1879 and long out of circulation, Richard Taylor's **"Destruction and Reconstruction"** has been edited by Richard Harwell of Emory University and reissued by Longmans, Green ($7.50). Its interest today is not only its eyewitness view of the Civil War from the Southern side, but also its urbane comment on the United States in the Reconstruction period.

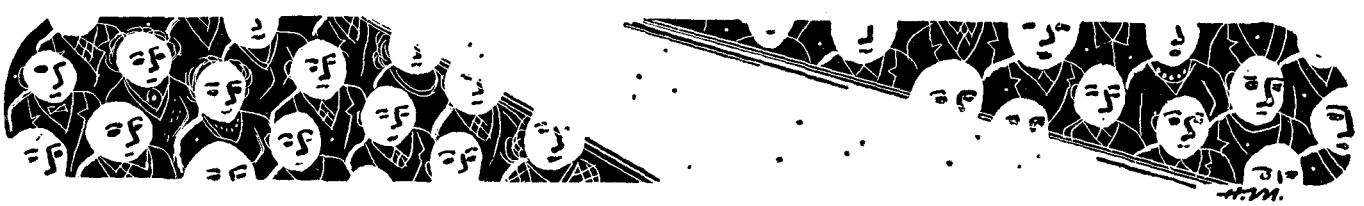
Richard Taylor, at the outset of the war, was a slaveholding Louisiana sugar planter. A graduate of Yale and widely read in the classics, he was a cultivated New Orleans gentleman, not a soldier. He was of moderate mind on the issue of slavery, but he also had a deal of the professional Southerner in him. This brought him into the Confederate Army where, by the end of the war, he became a lieutenant general and the victor over General Banks in the Red River campaign. Taylor served both in Virginia and in the Confederate "West," and his comments on the personalities and the course of the fighting are worth more than passing notice.

Taylor was an acid and haughty observer. Of Stonewall Jackson: "He sucked lemons, ate hard-tack, and drank water, and praying and fighting appeared to be his idea of the 'whole duty of man'." Of Lee: "He was without ambition." Of the Confederate cavalry: "They had every quality but discipline."

As becomes a gentleman-soldier, Taylor tells his own story modestly, but in an easy, lucid style that is sprinkled with classical allusions and asides on the art of war, social ethics, political philosophy, and the joys of nature.

At the war's end Taylor declined to seek a pardon, but he worked hard, in interviews with Johnson and Grant, who were friends from the past, to temper Reconstruction. In telling of these efforts, as in detailing scenes of the battlefield, Taylor is a perceptive observer. It is a keenness that makes for fruitful reading.

—ALDEN WHITMAN.



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FICTION

# One Man's Ruin

***"The Day the Century Ended," by Francis Irby Gwaltney*** *(Rinehart. 312 pp. $3.50), is the story of a Southern farm boy's war with himself and the world during the war against Japan.*

By Maxwell Geismar

THE WAR novels have not stopped. Perhaps the good ones are just beginning to be written, a decade after V-J day, when men have had time to contemplate their experiences. A short while ago there was Mario Puzo's "Dark Arena," which has had much less attention than it deserved. And now "The Day the Century Ended," Francis Irby Gwaltney's tale of the war on the Pacific islands, though written on a more popular level, and already slated for a film production, has some unusual things in it.

By a popular level, I mean that Mr. Gwaltney's narrative takes precedence over character and complexity of feeling. It is difficult to stop reading this novel, even though we realize that the central figures are rather typed, the writing is wooden at times, and the central story line seems, at the outset, almost quaint and old-fashioned. The hero comes from an upper-class segment of a small Southern town. (The cut-backs into his civilian life are sentimental, but done with warmth.) He belongs to a volunteer unit of the National Guard in which the amenities of caste and class are cherished. The commanding officer, Colonel Cozzens, is a relic of the Old Confederacy: the share-croppers of Gray's Landing are the private soldiers, of course.

—*Sam Fausett.*

F. I. Gwaltney—"sentimental warmth."

Mr. Gwaltney deliberately stresses the time lag between rural and urban American life; and what happens when this military unit is called up for active service in the Pacific is brutal. The central achievement of the novel is that of describing the full orbit of war experience upon a typical young boy—from the first moments of panic and self-conscious manhood to the last stages of moral and physical disintegration. And this is what engages our sympathy in the story, to the point of anxiety and horror. The central figure, Sam Gifford, sees his friends and relatives destroyed one by one. He learns to kill without mercy, even without thought; and when he begins to crack, he discovers how much a man has to endure simply to hold himself together.

It is now for Mr. Gwaltney's spokesman a war on all fronts—between himself and any other human being who threatens his thin hold on survival, and sanity. This is the experience which civilians have never been able quite to understand, and it is described here, with remarkable fidelity, against a background of jungle warfare and hand-to-hand combat that is enough to give any reader the shakes. Nor is that all, for the routines of regular army life are another form of savage guerilla existence. Sam Gifford ends up with a detachment of "broken" soldiers; soldiers who can no longer take the army discipline and are assigned to suicidal tasks under sadistic commanders.

"The Day the Century Ended" lies about half-way between serious works like "From Here to Eternity" or Ira Wolfert's "Act of Love" and something like "The Caine Mutiny." It is too bad that the group of surrounding characters in the novel are not fully developed; that the scenes in the story remain with us while the people do not; and that a curious kind of sentimentality surrounds the final vision of a writer who can be so deadly accurate elsewhere. I am not suggesting that Mr. Gwaltney abandon Hollywood for the Muse; but neither would I like to consign the felt and lived atmosphere of the Japanese war in this novel merely to the celluloid dream world.

Phyllis Bentley—"valid comments."

# Rationalist's Life

***"Noble in Reason," by Phyllis Bentley*** *(Macmillan. 241 pp. $3.50). is the record of a Yorkshireman's discovery of himself from schooldays to success as a novelist and playwright.*

By Harvey Curtis Webster

CHRISTOPHER JARMYNE, a character in Phyllis Bentley's "Noble in Reason" who resembles his creator in almost everything but sex, says on the first page of the novel:

> . . . in writing this record it is my plan to relate the events of my life as I saw them while I lived them; then to follow each with what I now see to be the whole truth. The difference between the two points of view is a tragic commentary on human misunderstanding.

On the last page, after he has told us how he has accommodated himself to old age, he says:

> *What a piece of work is a man! How noble in reason,* says Hamlet. I shall try to justify this description of mankind as long as there is breath in my body; I hope that my last conscious moments will be occupied by this attempt rationally to comprehend, lovingly to compassionate, human destiny.

On the pages between Miss Bentley tells her extremely interesting and intelligent account of how a maladjusted sensitive boy learned to know himself and became a writer of distinction.

Primarily, the interest is not in the

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events but in the unusual treatment and interpretation of them. Christopher Jarmyne, like many who do and don't become writers, starts out thinking his father a cruel autocrat, his mother a sedate and dependable aristocrat, his brothers a difficulty, school an ordeal, his schoolmates bullies. Looking back with the greater understanding Freud and experience have brought to him, he realizes that his father was basically kind and his mother a not very intelligent dipsomaniac; that his brothers misunderstood him no more than he misunderstood them or than most brothers misunderstand each other; that his fragility, near-sightedness, and intelligence made him a natural object of his schoolmates' envy and scorn. The rest of his life—working for a bookseller in London, his ineffectual attempts to be useful in his father's weaving factory, his writing of bad and good novels and a fashionable play, his marriage—are analyzed with singular intelligence. He never adjusts completely but he does become useful, tolerant, a good husband and parent.

My description of the basic core of the book necessarily excludes too much. As Miss Bentley's readers would expect there are fine descriptions of Yorkshire and Yorkshiremen, many valid comments on man's relation to himself, his society, and the universe. There is an excellent section about Yorkshire during the Depression and a chapter about English life during the disillusioned Twenties that is in place in the novel and would not be out of place in a book on contemporary British fiction.

Of course "Noble in Reason" is not flawless. Here, as in the best of her novels that have preceded it, Miss Bentley writes a bit stiltedly; she does not make you see, feel, smell the world as Conrad and Thomas Wolfe do; she does not move you as Joyce Cary and Graham Greene do. She is good not great, rewarding rather than compelling. Still, since this is the best novel to apply the insights of deep analysis I know except for Harvey Swados's "Out Went the Candle" and Nigel Balchin's "Mine Own Executioner," I prefer to make my demurs faint. Clearly better than the recent "House of Moreys," probably better than "Inheritance" and "A Modern Tragedy," Miss Bentley's "Noble in Reason" deserves even wider reading than her other novels, which have sold 125,000 copies in this country alone.

# Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich

IS 20

Mr. e. e. cummings (who is not the composer of this puzzle) once did a book called "Is 5." This department now goes him 300 per cent better by offering twenty lines of iambic pentameter verse which have been chopped in half, more or less, with a uniting *is* omitted in every instance. The front halves are in Column One and the rear halves in Column Two (all mixed up, naturally). You are asked to put them back together. Then identify the authors, keying them on Column One. If you get no more than 24 of the 40 pieces of information sought, go stand in the corner; if from 25 through 30, go sit in the corner; if from 31 up, take a nice easy chair by the fireplace. Names of works cited are not included in scoring, but these are given with the answers on page 25.

| | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| 1. A little learning | ( ) | the fume of little hearts | ( ) | Burns |
| 2. A sonnet | ( ) | that doesn't love a wall | ( ) | Byron |
| 3. A thing of beauty | ( ) | quiet as a nun | ( ) | Emerson |
| 4. An aged man | ( ) | Ozymandias, king of kings | ( ) | Frost |
| 5. For Brutus | ( ) | on the wing, the poet says | ( ) | Gray |
| 6. For mockery | ( ) | like the trump of doom | ( ) | Johnson |
| 7. Full many a flower | ( ) | itself the soul | ( ) | Keats |
| 8. How charming | ( ) | its own excuse for being | ( ) | Longfellow |
| 9. My name | ( ) | in his chiefest height | ( ) | Milton |
| 10. Something there | ( ) | holier far than Rome | ( ) | Pope |
| 11. The best of life | ( ) | everywhere confessed | ( ) | E. A. Robinson |
| 12. The bird | ( ) | divine philosophy | ( ) | D. G. Rossetti |
| 13. The holy time | ( ) | but intoxication | ( ) | Santayana |
| 14. The perfect body | ( ) | but a paltry thing | ( ) | Shakespeare |
| 15. This English Thames | ( ) | born to blush unseen | ( ) | Shelley |
| 16. This mournful truth | ( ) | at an end | ( ) | Spenser |
| 17. This night his weekly moil | ( ) | an honorable man | ( ) | Tennyson |
| 18. Then Beauty | ( ) | a moment's monument | ( ) | Wilde |
| 19. This day the sun | ( ) | a joy forever | ( ) | Wordsworth |
| 20. Thy sacred song | ( ) | a dangerous thing | ( ) | Yeats |

# Out of Twilight

***"The Young Lovers," by Julian Halevy*** *(Simon & Schuster. 313 pp. $3.50), chronicles the struggles of a group of youthful bohemians to get used to the adult world.*

By James Kelly

WHERE the ways of the world are concerned, there's an inviting twilight zone between youth dream and adult knowledge. Julian Halevy, in his first novel, "The Young Lovers," accepts that invitation. The book draws its cast from members of Greenwich Village's young bohemia as they cope with life, love, sophomore year at college, the draft, and an extremely suspicious-looking adult society. You could call it a novel of ideas, since everybody here voices some significant ones sooner or later. You could call it a remarkably intuitive and poetic story of young romance from seed to fruit. And many readers will see in Eddie (the Groper) Slocum another one of these tragi-comic adolescents who battles the big imponderables with a questing mind and wild sense of humor. The Groper sums it up for himself: "I'm always stumbling around in the dark, looking for answers . . . I'm liable to exaggerate a little . . . All the things to believe in are gone, and I'm stuck with a feeling and no place to hang it."

The youngish author draws from life and (we are persuaded) personal experience. His people are shaped by the pounding they get from each other; first white-hot and malleable, then cooler and harder. Bemused by intellectual content and a free-flowing style which ranges easily from tenderness to horseplay, we almost forget that the image is clouded by Mr. Halevy's own perspiration. He tries too hard too many times to define the act of love, works too hard at elaborate comedy gimmicks, records too eloquent conversations. Instead of central suspense, he provides three or four climactic peaks, any one of which might have left the reader breathless and satisfied. It's a carefully laid smörgasbord with some very good things.

Symbolically or not, "The Young Lovers" begins and ends in a subway. At the start, Eddie meets a nineteen-year-old art student, Pamela, when she asks directions to Coney Island. It develops that she is in a state of shock due to worry over an alcoholic mother, and Eddie timorously persuades her to come back to the loft he shares with a bright young

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cynic named Doc and a Capotish young eccentric named Tarragoo. The chemistry is right for deep, pristine romance, and it follows immediately. Eddie and Pam act out the beautifully wrought scenes of maturing first love through small crises and big ones (pregnancy, meeting the boy's mother and stepfather, the draft notice). And their tenderness provides the foil for panoramic scenes: Doc's selfish affair with a divorcée, a flamboyant reefer party, saloon encounters, campus contacts with students and faculty members, Eddie's philosophical conversations with his disenchanted mother and the businessman she married.

After an extremely pivotal spring season, Eddie seems about to accept some motherly advice as he swings into the final subway: "Try to change the world for the better but remember that you have to live in it meanwhile . . . Specifically, do what you can to help the causes and the people you love; but be strong enough and man enough to face your limitations. Accept that which you can't change. Adjust without surrendering."

"The Young Lovers" does what the author intended; gives us a picture of people feeling their way into adulthood. It should interest any reader who is now young or has ever been young—or who just likes an entertaining novel. Mr. Halevy will be heard from again.

## Notes

**HITLER'S SOLDIERS:** Gerhard Kramer, a lawyer and veteran of Hitler's Wehrmacht, has written, and Anthony G. Powell has translated, a heavily-populated novel about German army

(*Continued on page* 40)

*—Jacket detail from "The Young Lovers."*

**". . . romance from seed to fruit."**

**WRITERS AND WRITING**

# A Lyricist's Milieu

***"Emily Dickinson's Home," by Millicent Todd Bingham** (Harper. 600 pp. $6.50), provides a collection of letters of the poet's family which serve to illuminate her career. Professor Henry W. Wells, of Columbia University's English department, who reviews it below, is the author of "An Introduction to Emily Dickinson."*

By Henry W. Wells

EMILY DICKINSON died in 1886. wholly unrecognized and virtually unknown to literature. Since her death, three years stand out as having unusual importance for her posthumous fame. In 1890 appeared the first selection of her poems, which promptly gave her at least an honorable place in the opinion of most of her critics. In 1924 appeared the first extensive collection of her poems, a biography accompanied by many letters, and the first selection of the poems to be produced in England. In 1955 have already been published two volumes of biographical interest by Millicent Todd Bingham: "Emily Dickinson: A Revelation" and "Emily Dickinson's Home," while there are announced for publication within a few weeks a biography by Thomas Johnson, and the definitive edition of her poems, edited by the same hand, with the assistance of Theodora V. W. Ward. The sequel to this monumental edition of the poems, that of the letters, awaits publication for a while longer.

Emily Dickinson's importance in our literature stands beyond serious question. Although she can be annoying, embarrassing, and trivial, she has written not merely, as some assert, a handful but several hundred remarkable poems, presumably establishing her as America's chief lyric poet. Whatever concerns her personality or her social background is unquestionably of importance.

This most recent book is actually a forerunner to Mrs. Bingham's earlier "Ancestors' Brocades." That study dealt in particular with her later life and with the family and friends who possessed her many manuscripts after her death. This book deals chiefly with her early life, especially from 1851 to 1853, and with her family from the first years of the last century approximately to the outbreak of the Civil War. It glances briefly at the main crisis in her emotional life, coinciding with the most hotly contested years of that national calamity.

Part of the book consists of Emily's own letters in versions as a rule fuller and more faithfully transcribed than in earlier editions. At least as considerable in quantity are letters by her brother Austin, her sister Lavinia, and her father, Edward Dickinson. Some still earlier family letters cast revealing light on Emily's noteworthy grandfather, Samuel Fowler Dickinson, one of the founders of Amherst College, a man generous to the degree of recklessness, who died while laboring in behalf of educational and religious enterprises in the rapidly expanding towns of Ohio.

The book's chief value lies not in its welcome presentation of Emily's letters, which will usually be sought elsewhere, but in the other family correspondence, which shows Emily in her setting, insofar, at least, as so rare a creature can be said to be explicated by her environment. There is, obviously, a sense in which the poet is unique; and just as clearly, in another sense she was representative of thousands of New Englanders, for the most part women, leading astonishingly private lives. It is possibly good news that Mrs. Bingham's book does not disclose the identity of Emily's beloved nor even instruct us whether these should best be regarded as of singular or plural number.

THE disparate materials have been carefully arranged. Although much, of course, remains secondary, inspired glimpses are many. A strangely intimate and beautiful letter by Austin Dickinson to Martha Gilbert was written on "Tuesday even," May 11, 1852. There is a remarkable description by Emily of her visit to Mount Vernon, in April 1854. In a perceptive passage, Mrs. Bingham relates the frugality of New England housekeeping to the poet's terseness.

This book is at once personal and impersonal. It succeeds in its unusually modest aims of supplying a picture of the Dickinson family and of contemporary manners in rural New England. Although Mrs. Bingham is on the whole sympathetic, she re-

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mains objective. Her elaborately executed picture sets the stage for the crisis of Emily's life. There is a cool air about the writing, as after a summer storm; the action takes place before Mrs. Bingham's own mother. Emily's vivacious friend and first editor, enters the scene, and before the unhappy events that have troubled so many scholars and occasioned so much heart-burning, while the great legacy of her poetry and her letters has been subject of such heated controversy—an engagement almost as fierce as that of the ancient heroes over the golden armor of Patroclus.

Mrs. Bingham depicts what she calls "the New England way," and comments upon it. Her contribution here, as in her similar volumes, is of much value both for interpretation of Emily's own writings and for general social history. If this really be, as seems likely, the last of the long series of books related to Emily Dickinson produced by the two gifted women of the Todd family, now seems the time to write "well done" to a perturbed and almost unprecedented history of literary endeavor—nine volumes in all—extending through a period of nearly seventy years. The temporal has been accomplished. The great poems and the astonishing letters are about to appear in their final forms, leaving us, nevertheless, with deepest obligations to these two able and devoted women.

# The Urge to Purge

***"Banned Books," by Anne Lyon Haight** (R. R. Bowker. 192 pp. Clothbound, $4. Paperbound, 75¢), is an informal account of trends in censorship from Homer to Hemingway.*

By Aaron Sussman

ANNE LYON HAIGHT'S "Banned Books" is a monument. A monument to fear, to hypocrisy, to ignorance, to intolerance, to confusion. But more than that, it is a monument to stupidity. For it is stupidity, in one guise or another, that has caused most of the bannings described in its pages. Here is formidable proof, a chronological inventory of the deadly art of book banning, from 387 B.C. to 1954, with pungent comment along the way on the *what*, the *why*, and the *consequences*. The result is a peppery fascicule as disturbing as it is diverting.

Books have been suppressed for a bewildering multiplicity of reasons. Chief among these, the author points out, are religion, politics, and morality, making the offense one of heresy, treason, or obscenity. But books have also suffered bans for personal, whimsical, or even wistful reasons. Henry VIII, for instance, banned the Tyndale Bible, the first book to be so persecuted in England, not because it blasphemed, which of course it didn't, but because he disapproved of what it said about divorce. You can understand why.

The Holy Bible was first suppressed by Emperor Justinian in 553. Since that time, hundreds of editions have been condemned for one perverse reason or another. "The Decameron," which has been banned more often than probably any other single work, was first proscribed by the Index of Rome in 1558. It was later returned to favor by the Pope in an edition that "transformed the erring nuns into noble women, the lascivious monks into conjurors." But as late as 1954 Boccaccio's perdurable treasury of tales was still being heckled in England, where a magistrate's court ordered it destroyed as "obscene," though an appeal court later reversed the decision; and in the United States, where something calling itself the "National Organization of Decent Literature" placed it on their black list. "The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn" was banned by the public library in Thoreau's home town of Concord. It was labeled "trash, suitable only for the slums."

AS YOU review the record, item by curious item, a heavy perplexity settles over the logic of the censor. There must be some sense in all this somewhere, you tell yourself. But the more you search, the less becomes clear.

Surprisingly enough, though authors have suffered much from the activity of the censor, they have frequently joined with their natural enemy and aided him in his work. In 387 B.C., for instance, we see Plato suggesting that Homer ought to be expurgated for "immature readers." In 66 A.D. Plutarch was attacking Aristophanes for his "obscene comedies." Once Lewis Carroll was horrified because a performance of "Pinafore" was acted out by children. In 1898 Anatole France attacked the books of Zola as evil, and added: "It would be better had Zola never been born." All of Zola's works were placed on the Index in 1894 and remained there until 1948. It was therefore a bad joke of fate that placed Anatole France on the same Index in 1922, to remain there to this day.

One of the silliest manifestations of this age of the purge, and one of the most dangerous, is a ruling established by the Post Office in 1931. "Elmer Gantry" had been banned in Boston. The publishers fought back, but Washington retaliated by "upholding postmasters as censors." The New York Post Office then went a step further and banned a catalogue which only *listed* the book. In 1944 a New York bookseller issued another catalogue, listing 100 books selling at forty-nine cents, and again the Post Office refused to mail it until two titles, "Candide" and "Droll Stories," were blocked out. Yet the customs ban on Balzac had been lifted in 1930! Both books are now freely listed in many catalogues and published in many editions, but there has never been a ruling relaxing the 1931 interdict.

Despite an unquenchable prejudice to the contrary, no book has ever committed a crime. None has, as yet, broken into a bank, pilfered a post, or raped a woman. But men have. And those who busy themselves with such unfriendly conduct rarely read books. They do not have the time, the sense, or the inclination. Why, then, are books banned? Is it to protect such as these from "evil influences"? What *is* an evil influence? And why, as Morris Ernst asks, are not censors afraid of their own corruptibility? Perhaps a sentence from George Moore will help give us a partial answer: "If all the books objected to by censors as sexually stimulating were swept from the face of the earth, the spring breeze would remain to awaken desires in man and woman."

Miss Haight's book is a revised and enlarged edition of a work first published twenty years ago. In addition to the wonderful introduction by Morris Ernst, who "joyfully" defended many of these books in court, there are 118 pages of informal notes on banned books, an appendix on trends in censorship, with notes on Nazi banned books, overseas libraries, library censorship, comic books, paperbound books, textbook censorship, milestone statements on freedom of the press, excerpts from important court decisions, as well as U.S. customs and postal laws and regulations, and a bibliographic checklist. All in all, a source of solid comfort for those of us who believe that books have been pushed around long enough.

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—From "Knight Errant."

Mary Pickford with stepson, Doug Jr.—"most popular actress this country ever produced."

# The Sweetheart and The Sliver

***"Sunshine and Shadow," by Mary Pickford*** *(Doubleday. 382 pp. $4.95),* *and* ***"Knight Errant: A Biography of Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.," by Brian Connell*** *(Doubleday. 255 pp. $4), are revealing lives of two members of the film's first dynasty.*

By Allen Churchill

IN A book season already notable for threatrical biographies and autobiographies (Laurette Taylor, Ethel Barrymore, Gertrude Lawrence, and others have had their whirl), it was inevitable that Hollywood's First Family should have its turn. Now, with the appearance of Mary Pickford's "Sunshine and Shadow" and Brian Connell's "Knight Errant: A Biography of Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.," it does.

Mary Pickford has not appeared in a film since "Secrets" in 1933, a fact which has prevented at least one generation from being aware of the most popular actress this country has ever produced. Since retiring, the lady (who is still in her fifties) has lived quietly in Hollywood, where she is indisputable First Lady. After the break-up of her much publicized marriage to Douglas Fairbanks, she married Buddy Rogers and since then has devoted herself to such good works as the USO and to raising two attractive adopted children.

Perhaps the proper description of "Sunshine and Shadow" is not autobiography, but the fragments of one. Which is not to say this fails to be a worthwhile book, for in an individual way it is. Miss Pickford has not gone in for much self-analysis, except of a mystic-religious sort, but the portrait she offers of a girl who became an actress in Toronto at four (only because the star boarder happened to be an actor-manager) shows a peculiar personality at work. For one thing she had no real taste of childhood, since on her father's sudden death she immediately joined with her mother to keep the family alive. Not unexpectedly she grew up solemn, a fact about which her debonair brother Jack never ceased to twit her. "I've had a million laughs," he'd say. "You've had everything, Mary, but you've never lived. And you don't know how to play."

But even at age four Baby Gladys Smith (her name until David Belasco plucked Mary Pickford from her family tree) seems to have been ready to assume the full responsibilities of life. She'd probably have been as successful at selling real estate as at acting. Without being stridently aggressive, the girl who never learned to play moved straight ahead, absolutely convinced that what was good for her was right for all. Only when the occasion demanded did she pull actressy tricks. A child star at eight, she determined at thirteen to act for David Belasco. Unable to get an appointment with him, she finally did a thing distasteful to the prim little lady in her. She stood in his outer office and screamed, "My life depends on seeing Mr. Belasco."

It worked, and the man whose life was masquerade became fascinated by the child whose outlook was all realism. He put her in "The Warrens of Virginia" (where her understudy was a child named Clare Boothe, now a grown-up ambassador). He also delighted in questioning her, chortling with glee at the answers. When he asked why she was so intent on working for him she replied, "Because I am thirteen years old and I think I'm at the crossroads of my life. I've got to make good between now and the time I'm twenty."

Even at this tender age Little Mary was accustomed to refer to herself as "the father of the family," and it was to make money for mother-sister-brother that she went into movies, working first for D. W. Griffith. To make additional money, she also wrote a few—on the backs of envelopes, so simple were plots in nickelodeon days. She also married Owen Moore, an elusive actor who liked his nip. By 1915—quite a few years before she was twenty—Our Mary was America's Sweetheart, playing unhappy, heavily becurled waifs in pictures like "Tess of the Storm Country." Only Douglas Fairbanks rivaled her at the box office, and when the two got married in 1920 the world heaved a happy sigh. Somehow it seemed just right.

But Fairbanks was a problem. On the screen he played the happy extrovert who met life's challenges with the widest of grins. In private life he was a man of unreasoning jealousy who would never let his wife dance with another man, not even the Prince of Wales. He insisted on sitting next to Mary at all dinner parties, and at Pickfair, where the Royal Family of Hollywood entertained almost nightly, Mary sat at the head of the table, with Doug at her right. Once when handsome Latin lover Rudolph Valentino came to pay a courtesy call Fairbanks rudely chased him from the premises.

In 1933 Fairbanks announced that

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# Good News on Paperbacks

By THOMAS COONEY

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Although one section of the paperback reprint industry has experienced great difficulties in the past year ("The Booming Bust of the Paperbacks," SR Nov. 6, 1954) another section is flourishing these days. Thomas Cooney tells about the good things it offers in the article below.*

WHEN some future Frederick Lewis Allen takes a look at the cultural phenomena that characterized 1955, he will certainly make much of the fact that this was the year that hundreds of attractively bound, moderately-priced paperbound reprints of serious books adorned the counters of the nation's bookstores and crowded the pockets of thousands of readers on beach and hotel porch. Public response to this "quality paperback" phenomenon is already being hailed as proof that those who despair of the intellectual life in America are despairing needlessly.

At the moment more than ten publishers, most of them well-established trade houses, are issuing series of these volumes, with several more reportedly preparing to follow in the near future. Over a million and a half copies of books like David Riesman's "The Lonely Crowd," De Tocqueville's "Democracy in America," and "The Selected Writings of Mrs. Aphra Behn" have been sold during the past two years. Doubleday reports that both its Anchor and its Image series have had an average sale of 30,000 copies and an overall sale of more than a million. The sales of Alfred A. Knopf's Vintage Books are not far behind, and Noonday Press's Meridian Books and Grove Press's Evergreen Series have enjoyed sales of 5,000 to 20,000 copies per title in their first few months of publication. So far none of the houses that have entered the field has dropped a single title, and all are planning big additions to their 1956 lists. The Modern Library and the Viking Portable Library have each recently issued about ten of their titles in paperbound editions; Beacon Press and Dover Publications are coming out this season with more than a dozen titles between them; Harcourt, Brace is introducing its Harvest Series in August, and Simon & Schuster is readying a new line. The long-established Penguin and Mentor lines continue to add a dozen titles a month between them.

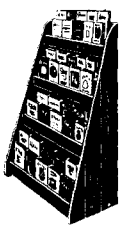
Most commentators have been guilty of two fundamental misconceptions in their analyses of the quality paperback phenomenon. The first is their failure to make clear that there really are two separate paperback book industries in the United States. One is composed of firms that have for fifteen years been catering to the mercurial tastes of millions of readers who do not or cannot patronize bookstores. Through their frantic competition for the limited display space available in more than 100,000 drugstore and newsstand outlets, and by distributing their wares through magazine jobbers at magazine prices (25¢ to 75¢), these firms have identified themselves primarily with the magazine business. Many of them have of late been making heroic efforts to reduce the emphasis on sex and violence and to increase the cerebral content of their lists, but the fact remains that they are tied to a market where their product is regarded pretty much as if it were a candy bar.

By contrast, the quality paperbacks (with some exceptions that will be presently noted) are produced by regular book publishers, printed on good book paper, graced with non-inflammatory covers, and distributed in only about 2,000 selected outlets, most of them bookstores. Their prices, ranging from 65¢ to $1.95, are low in comparison with those of clothbound books; they allow the bookseller his standard 40 or 45 per cent discount instead of the miniscule five to ten cent markup which makes the mass-distributed paperback so unattractive to the bookseller. Moreover, the quality paperbacks have been uncompromisingly highbrow in their selections from history, science, modern and classical literature, and philosophy; indeed, the very names of most of the series have a certain highbrow *mystique* of their own, redolent of solidity, ripeness, and subtlety: Anchor, Vintage, Meridian, Evergreen, Harvest, Image.

The second misconception, perhaps created by exuberant publicity men for the newer series, is that the quality paperback industry is only about two years old. Actually, it goes back to 1935, when the British firm of Penguin Books entered the American market. While mass-distributed paperbacks were overflowing the newsstands the British-edited line, with scores of original and reprint titles in every conceivable intellectual and artistic field, was quietly demonstrating that unexpectedly large editions of serious books could be sold through American bookstores if they were priced low enough.

Then, about ten years ago the New American Library, an offshoot of Penguin, introduced an American-edited series, Mentor Books. Because it sells Mentors through bookstores as well as on many newsstands alongside its more popular Signet line, NAL in a sense has one foot in the quality field, the other in the mass market. Mentor's originals and reprints of the works of authors of the caliber of Schweitzer, Whitehead, Toynbee, Freud, Homer, Whitman, and Dante are produced in editions of 200,000 and up. Printed on newsprint and not very durably bound, they are offered at attractively low prices: 35¢ and 50¢.

Since the end of World War II the demand for low-priced paperbound books with serious content has been sharply increased by a significant shift in the American economy. The students, teachers, clergymen, and other professional people who form the largest segment of the market for serious books has found that while the cost of living has doubled their income has not. Although the rise in the cost of clothbound books has lagged behind the cost of living, these book buyers nonetheless have found it increasingly difficult to pay for them.



One of the first publishers to cater to this development was a reprint firm named Dover Publications, which in 1951 began issuing editions of standard works in science, mathematics, and philosophy and distributing them through regular bookstore channels. Printed on regular book paper and priced between one and two dollars, Dover's reprints were a bargain in comparison to the usual hardcover editions.

BY THE spring of 1953, according to the educated guess of one veteran in the field, as many as two million copies of quality paperbacks had been sold in the United States. The momentum of the trend was then greatly increased when the important house of Doubleday, amid the fanfare normal for trade publishers' enterprises, launched its Anchor Books series. Anchor's first list featured reprints from

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# The Pick of Paperbacks

*TO select from the hundreds of excellent books now available in paperback editions some forty-five that are particularly fine requires an uncommonly large supply of daring and fortitude. Even so, we've gone ahead and drawn up a list that at least suggests the richness and variety of the titles available in the new series at prices between 65¢ and $1.95. Because of limitations of space, we have been obliged to forego books in such long-established series as Penguin and Mentor. From time to time in the future* SR *will call to your attention noteworthy additions to the quality paperback shelf.*

## Philosophy and Religion

ALBERT SCHWEITZER. An Anthology, edited by Charles R. Joy. Beacon Press. $1.45. A collection of excerpts from the writings (books and periodicals) of Albert Schweitzer arranged under certain topics. There is also a bibliography of his works.

IMMORTALITY. By Ashley Montagu. Evergreen Books. $1. An essay on immortality that traces man's persistent persuasion of himself that he will go on forever, from its origins in the caves to the present, where it would seem a highly pertinent theory.

TRAGIC SENSE OF LIFE. By Miguel De Unamuno. Translated by J. E. Crawford Flitch. Dover Publications. $1.90. A philosophical work by the Spanish philosopher, who died in 1936, after he had been exiled from his native country.

MOSES AND MONOTHEISM. By Sigmund Freud. Translated by Katherine Jones. Vintage Books. 95¢. A long essay dealing with some of the earlier aspects of the Hebraic and Christian religions, and with, in particular, Moses himself, whom Freud believed might have been an Egyptian.

THE GREEKS AND THEIR GODS. By W. K. C. Guthrie. Beacon Press. $1.75. A study of the origins and nature of Greek religion as it was manifested in Greek literature and daily life.

## Fiction and Belles-Lettres

DEATH IN VENICE and Seven Other Stories. By Thomas Mann. Translated by H. T. Lowe-Porter. 95¢. Mann's short novel, the misty, powerful "Death in Venice," together with "Mario and the Magician," "Disorder and Early Sorrow," "A Man and His Dog," "Felix Krull," "The Blood of the Walsungs," "Tristan," and "Tonio Kröger."

THE DIARY OF A COUNTRY PRIEST. By Georges Bernanos. Translated by Pamela Morris. Image Books. 65¢. A French novel about life in a small French village as seen through the mind of a Catholic priest.

THE HOUSE BY THE MEDLAR TREE. By Giovanni Verga. Translated by Eric Mosbacher. Anchor Books. 85¢. Generally recognized as one of the great Italian novels, this is set in Sicily, where its author was born (1840). First published in 1881.

THE PORTABLE GREEK READER. Edited by W. H. Auden. Viking Press. $1.25. A thickly grown field of Greek readings, translated by various hands (Shelley, Murray, Jowett, Highet, etc.), which includes material by Hesiod, the tragedians, Heraclitus, Homer, Xenophanes, Empedocles, Parmenides, Plato, Aristotle, Simonides, Tzetzes, Euclid, Cleomedes, Hippocrates, Galen, Epictetus, Sappho, Theocritus, Theophratus, and Thucydides.

THE IMMORALIST. By André Gide. Vintage Books. Translated by Dorothy Bussy. 95¢. A reissue of the novel first published in French in 1921, and in America in 1930.

LITTLE NOVELS OF SICILY. By Giovanni Verga. Translated by D. H. Lawrence. Evergreen Books. $1. Twelve short stories based on life in Sicily in the 1860s that were first published in 1883, and were later the source for the libretto of "Cavalleria Rusticana." Verga (1840-1922) was born and died in Sicily, also wrote "The House by the Medlar Tree," and is often regarded as the best, or second best, of nineteenth-century Italian novelists.

THE PALM-WINE DRINKARD. By Amos Tutuola. Evergreen Books. $1. A novella, written by a thirty-five-year-old West African, and published a few years ago for the first time, about a man with a Gargantuan appetite for palm-wine, who after his "tapster," or the man who taps his palm trees for the wine, dies sets out on a fantastic journey to "Deads' Town" to find him.

THE PORTABLE HAWTHORNE. Edited by Malcom Cowley. Viking Press. $1.25. All of "The Scarlet Letter" is here together with twelve short stories, and eleven letters arranged as a sort of short autobiography. Included, too, are sections from "The House of Seven Gables," "The Marble Faun," "The Dolliver Romance" the English Notebooks, the American Notebooks, and the French and Italian Notebooks.

THE PORTABLE MEDIEVAL READER. Edited by James Bruce Ross and Mary Martin McLaughlin. Viking Press. $1.25. A wide sampling from the history, biography, poetry, letters, religious, scientific, and educational writings of the Middle Ages, by such as Peter Abelard, William of Tyre, William Langland, Chaucer, da Vinci, John of Salisbury, Peter the Venerable, Nicholas of Cusa, and John Busch.

THE PORTABLE RABELAIS. Selected, translated, and edited by Samuel Putnam. Viking Press. $1.25. A highly comprehensive selection from the four books of "Gargantua and Pantagruel," which, together with such monuments as "Don Quixote" and Montaigne's essays, helped set modern literature on its feet. Mr. Putnam, who died in 1950, has contributed a long biographical essay on Rabelais, based on his own earlier biography, "Rabelais, Man of the Renaissance."

THE PORTABLE MARK TWAIN. Edited by Bernard DeVoto. Viking Press. $1.25. Mr. DeVoto gives us here "Huckleberry Finn," "The Mysterious Stranger," "The Jumping Frog," "The Private History of A Campaign That Failed," "Fenimore Cooper's Literary Offenses," complete, as well as selections from such as "A Connecticut Yankee," "Old Times on the Mississippi," and "A Tramp Abroad."

THE PORTABLE VOLTAIRE. Edited by Ben Ray Redman. Viking Press. $1.25. A rich crossview of the works of Voltaire that includes, in various translations, Part One of "Candide," all of "Zadig," "Micromegas," "The Story of a Good Brahmin," selections from the "Philosophical Dictionary," "The English Letters," and the "Manners and Spirit of Nations," and, complete, the poem "The Lisbon Earthquake."

SEA AND SARDINIA. By D. H. Lawrence. Anchor Books. 85¢. A reissue of a travel book first published in 1923 and based on a week spent two years before on Sardinia by Lawrence. Three chapters from "Twilight in Italy," published in 1916, which deal with the townfolk of a village in northern Italy, are also included.

STEPHEN CRANE: STORIES AND TALES. Edited by Robert Wooster Stallman. Vintage Books. 95¢. A collection of twelve short stories and novellas, including "The Open Boat," "The Bride Comes to Yellow Sky," "George's Mother," and "Maggie: A Girl of the Streets." Also here are five examples of Crane's newspaper work.

WHAT MAISIE KNEW. By Henry James. Anchor Books. 85¢. A reissue of a central novel of James's, published in 1897, which deals with the effects on a child of the divorce of her parents.

## Criticism and Art

ABINGER HARVEST. By E. M. Forster. Meridian Books. $1.25. A collection of clearwater, sparkling essays that were first published in 1936, and that treat of such persons, places, and books as Roger Fry and T. S. Eliot, India and England, "Recherche Du Temps Perdu" and the earlier novels of Virginia Woolf.

AESTHETICS AND HISTORY. By Bernard Berenson. Anchor Books. 85¢. A summary of the critical canons of one of the grandest of the world's art critics, who was born in Lithuania in 1865 and has lived since 1900 in Italy, whose art he has long since been an authority on.

EIGHT ESSAYS. By Edmund Wilson. Anchor Books. 85¢. A new collection of essays by the most-attacked and most-appreciated of contemporary American literary critics. Included are two pieces from "The Wound and the Bow" (Dickens and Hemingway) and two from "The Triple Thinkers" (Shaw and Houseman). The remaining four, taken from *The New Yorker* of the past couple of years, deal with Lincoln, de Sade, Holmes and Laski, and Theodore Roosevelt.

FOUR STAGES OF RENAISSANCE STYLE: Transformations in Art and Literature 1400-1700. By Wylie Sypher. Anchor Books. $1.25. A study of the various stages of taste, which the author labels "Renaissance," "Mannerism," "Baroque," and "Late Baroque," through which the arts of the Renaissance passed. An original edition.

GREEK TRAGEDY. By H. D. F. Kitto. Anchor Books. $1.25. A critical study of the works of the great Greek tragedians Aeschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides, which was first published in 1939. The present edition has been revised by the author, who is a professor of Greek at the University of Bristol.

GROWTH AND STRUCTURE OF THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE. By Otto Jespersen. Anchor Books. 95¢. A study of the English tongue from its origins in Primitive Germanic to its modern permutations in the British Empire and America. Mr. Jespersen was a Danish philologist (1860-1943), and this work, one of many by the author, was first brought out in 1905.

HAMLET AND OEDIPUS. By Ernest Jones. Anchor Books. 75¢. A revised and extended version of a long essay first published in 1910. It treats, psychoanalytically, of the Hamlet myth as it was manifested before and in the work of Shakespeare. Dr. Jones is the biographer, and one-time student, of Sigmund Freud.

JAMES JOYCE'S "ULYSSES." By Stuart Gilbert. Vintage Books. 95¢. A primary study of the origins and text of the novel that shook the novel form apart at the seams, perhaps for good. First published in 1930, Joyce himself blessed all of the text, some of which has been revised for this edition.

POETRY AND THE AGE. By Randall Jarrell. Vintage Books. 95¢. A refreshing, chesty, and witty collection of critical essays which were first brought together in 1953, and which deal with obscurantism in poetry, the "New Criticism," Robert Frost, Whitman, Marianne Moore, Wallace Stevens, W. C. Williams, as well as a host of younger poets like Richard Wilbur, Denis Devlin, Robert Lowell, and Elizabeth Bishop.

ROUSSEAU AND ROMANTICISM. By Irving Babbitt. Meridian Books. $1.35. A study of the "Romantic" temperament, as opposed to the "Classic." First published in 1919, this is a seminal work of American criticism.

THE GREAT TRADITION. By F. R. Leavis. Anchor Books. 95¢. An exhilarating and exhausting study of what Mr. Leavis believes to be the greatest of English novelists (Jane Austen is one, but she is not included here): George Eliot, Henry James, and Joseph Conrad. There is also a long chapter on Dickens's "Hard Times."

THE MODERN THEATRE. Edited by Eric Bentley. Anchor Books. Two volumes. 95¢ each. A collection of ten rather out-of-the way modern plays, in two volumes, which includes works by Yeats, de Musset, Ostrovsky, Schnitzler, Brecht, Buchner, Verga, Becque, and Giradoux. The translations, where necessary, are by various hands.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF MODERN ART. By Herbert Read. Meridian Books. $1.35. A collection of essays, by the English critic, poet, and novelist, dealing with art as it has developed since the time of Van Gogh. Written over the past fifteen years, the book has been enlarged in this edition by a piece on American art.

## Science and Sociology

THE HUMAN USE OF HUMAN BEINGS. By Norbert Wiener. Anchor Books. 75¢. A study, first published in 1950, and here revised by the author, of human and mechanical sys-

(*Continued on page* 37)

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# Are the Humanities Worth Saving?—II

Editor's Note: *In a preceding article Mr. Krutch raised the question why so much is said and so little done about "saving the humanities." He suggested that it might be because the term itself is vague and he proposed to define it thus: "The humanities—as opposed to the sciences—are concerned with whatever is important to man but cannot be measured and is not susceptible to valid experiment." Popular prejudice notwithstanding, he maintained that what comes under this definition is actually more important to civilization than what the scientific method is competent to deal with. In this concluding article he undertakes to defend the proposition.*

SINCE the days of Francis Bacon there have always been individuals who maintained that only "facts"—positive and verifiable knowledge—are worth bothering with. But never before our own has there been an age when most people made this assumption so uncritically that they ask in all innocence for so much as a single example of something important and knowable which cannot be measured or made the subject of an experiment.

Suppose we consider for example that reality which is called "happiness." Pope described it as "our being's end and aim," and though there have always been some—Bernard Shaw is a modern instance—who dismissed happiness as unimportant, even scientists usually admit that most of us continue to pursue it whether we ought to or not. Yet "happiness" is something which falls almost completely outside the purview of science. Its various degrees cannot be measured. The conditions which produce it cannot be controlled. We cannot demonstrate that an individual man either is or is not happy. In fact, his emotional state cannot even be safely inferred. We know perfectly well that many a man who "ought to be happy" and many a man who "acts as though he were happy" isn't.

To banish these undoubted facts the positivist is forced into an absurd and disastrous subterfuge. Knowing that science cannot deal with subjective states and being committed to the contention that only scientific knowledge is useful he cannot escape the conclusion that such subjects as happiness are not worth thinking about at all. We should, he says, devote ourselves instead to those objectively measurable and controllable factors which, so he blandly assumes, determine subjective states. Since we can make some sort of approximate measurements of "the standard of living" we will adopt the convenient assumption that happiness varies directly with the standard of living. Hence, though we cannot profitably talk about happiness we can talk (and how!) about welfare. The two ought to be, approximately, the same thing.

No assumption could, of course, be falser. Literature may be unscientific but it has never made the mistake of assuming that prosperity is the same thing as happiness or that people are happy when "they ought to be." Yet this simple fact is in itself enough to suggest both what the subject matter of the humanities is and one of the functions humane works of literature, or art, or philosophy do perform.

These works concern themselves with, for instance, happiness, contentment, and joy—as well as with their opposites. Their first and simplest function is to keep us human by acknowledging, as the scientists do not, that "the merely subjective" is vastly important in human life. that we are not merely "economic men" or "members of a social group" or "psychological types" but Men to whom such unmeasurable, unverifiable, uncontrollable realities as happiness are at least as important as any which can be measured, verified, or controlled; that in a word, the subjective is the very core of our being. Because the Founding Fathers were essentially humanists they asserted man's right to Life, Liberty, and the Pursuit of Happiness. If they had not been it would have been to the Pursuit of Welfare or even of a High Standard of Living!

Totalitarian governments boast that their aim is the establishment of a scientific society. Some would-be perfectors of what we call Western democracy seem to cherish a similar ideal. But no society which based itself exclusively upon what can be learned by the scientific study of man could consistently recognize the existence of happiness as distinct from prosperity, welfare, or a "high standard of living." Nor could it, for that matter, recognize as real any aspect of any man's inner life. Yet, insofar as a democracy tends to ignore that inner life, just to that extent does it obscure one of the most important distinctions between the facts and the theories of totalitarianism and the Western tradition.

WITHOUT humane learning no man can remain what we now call Man. Either he will slowly become so extraverted and adjusted that he is actually no more than one of those figments of the imagination with which scientific politics and sociology deal, or his individual awareness of his truest and vividest inner life will alienate him from his fellow beings because he will have no communication with them in terms of that inner life, because he will meet no public acknowledgment of the fact any other human beings live any such lives, or are, indeed, human at all. Politics unites the outward actions of men; "the humanities" unites their thoughts and feelings. It draws them together in spirit.

But this is by no means all. Indispensable as is the function which consists merely in revealing that an inner life is something not unique but

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shared; different as mankind would be had "the humanities" never publicly acknowledged its humanity; the great creators of the humane tradition did not stop with the performance of this function.

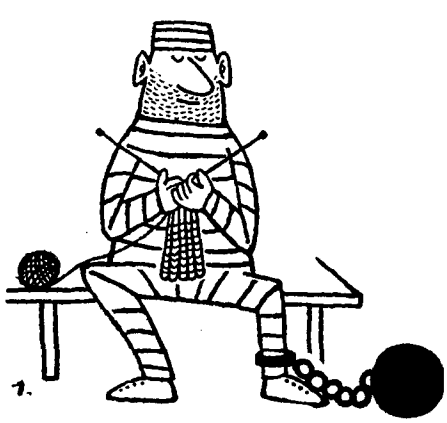
Though they were deprived of both measurement as a tool and of experiment as a method, they went on to investigate as well as to describe the phenomena with which they deal. They drew conclusions from observations which cannot be rigidly controlled and projected upon human beings as a whole experiences which they knew only from their own. Even the assumption that men other than themselves have any consciousness or desire can be made only by such a gratuitous projection. And though by such methods they have not "proved" anything, they have carried conviction; and it is by the power to convince rather than by experimental verification that we test the validity of any work which claims a place among "the humanities."

As a result of such unscientific procedures as it can employ the humanistic enterprise has built up that store of ethical convictions, moral principles, and standards of value by which men live as surely as it has created an awareness of their intimate selves and the correspondence between one intimate self and another. The body of humanistic knowledge is neither wholly consistent with itself, much less is it demonstrably true in any objective sense. But it is, nevertheless, a body of imperfect knowledge indispensable to civilization.

IN A profound posthumous essay published in *The Virginia Quarterly* under the somewhat misleading title "Americanism," Santayana recently provided an original approach to the great underlying problem of today. The modern world, he says, began in the sixteenth century when Western Europe came first to realize fully that knowledge—at least a certain kind of knowledge—is power. The determination to acquire that kind of knowledge launched the most dazzlingly successful enterprise any group of human beings ever embarked upon. And if the most recent consequence is the growing fear that power, getting out of hand, will destroy the race which released it, there was another unnoticed consequence which preceded all such fears.

The very success, so patent and incontrovertible, of the determination to pursue relentlessly the newly-opened source of power favored the unconscious conviction that the knowledge which does confer power is the only kind of knowledge there is. True knowledge, as opposed to mere fancy on the one hand and mere pedantry on the other, comes thus to be defined as simply "that which confers power." Moral philosophy, poetry, and art are as contemptuously disregarded as the theology which the new age more specifically repudiated: they do not confer power—at least no power over the physical universe so evident as the power which scientific knowledge confers. And because they do not they are, therefore, not knowledge.

What can sensibility and "understanding" enable a sensitive and understanding man to do? In what way can it be demonstrated that such a man has any power at his command which the insensitive and un-understanding has not? Attempt to reply that, in the long run, sensibility and understanding make for a better and safer world and you are told that you cannot prove it. If you fall back upon the conviction that what you *are* may be as important as what you do you will be told that "behavior" and "action" are now generally recognized to be not only the measure of man, but the only tangible, substantial realities in any society. And so they are once you have assumed not only that "knowledge is power," but that power is the only valid test of the importance of knowledge.



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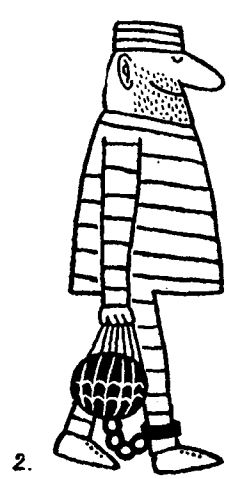

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Léon.

WORDS are tricky things. At first sight it may seem that De Quincy's famous distinction between the literature of *knowledge* and the literature of *power* is a direct contradiction of everything which has here been said. "Books, we are told, propose to *instruct* or to *amuse*. Indeed! . . . The true antithesis to knowledge, in this case, is not *pleasure* but *power*. All that is literature seeks to communicate power; all that is not literature. to communicate knowledge.

From another point of view the exact opposite may be said: "All literature seeks to communicate one kind of knowledge; all writing which is not literature seeks to communicate power." But the contradiction is apparent rather than real. Because De Quincy had never submitted to the tyranny of science he was able to mean by "power" not the ability to control directly the physical environment, but the ability to carry conviction and to arouse passion. He realized, in other words, precisely what kind of power which scientific knowledge confers. They do confer upon him a kind of knowledge or, if you insist, of half-knowledge, upon which the richness of human experience and the stability of society largely depend.

Deprive the individual and the world of all the convictions which science cannot prove to be legitimate and neither man nor his world could stand. The question whether the humanists have revealed morality or invented it, whether they have discovered "value" or created it, is less important than the fact that but for them mankind would never have conceived of and quite certainly never have cherished either. And if poets have sometimes fixed erroneous and pernicious ideas upon whole sections of the human race, at least only other and better poets have ever been able to remedy the evil.

Such at least is the affirmation which any effective defender of the humanities must be willing to make. Unless there is a kind of knowledge which is not power in the sense that scientific knowledge is power and unless that kind of knowledge can, however imperfectly, be discovered and communicated by literature and the other arts then the Humanities are a fraud at worst, a trivial amusement at best. They certainly cannot save us and they are not worth saving. We should not be disturbed by their neglect. It would be more sensible to say, "Good riddance." —J. W. K.

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# LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

### FOR FILLING GENUINE NEEDS

THE MULTI-PAGE ADVERTISEMENT "Imprint on an Era" [*SR* May 21], of the McGraw-Hill Book Company, while being what the magazine reader has come to recognize as "institutional," marks a new level of taste in reviewing a record of which the sponsor company may well be proud. Much in the style of a *Fortune* business biography, it is a clear, forthright demonstration of not only the publishing process but of much more: the quiet but firm assertions of the honest principles which underlie its enterprise. In a time when business is finding its own strengths and weaknesses, it is a pleasure to read of a firm which acknowledges not only its drive to succeed with the dollar sign, but also its obligation to fulfil what have been seen and defined as genuine needs.

LT. (J.G.) EDWARD J. STREATOR.

Key West, Fla.

### MISSING THE POINT

PROFESSOR E. R. GOODENOUGH in his article "Our Faith and Doctor Freud" [*SR* May 14] overlooks the common projection of God as a Father. Clearly the idea of God as a Father is meaningful to us on the basis of early life experiences we have had with our earthly fathers. Thus, we attribute qualities of knowledge, power, love, and mercy to God because if we were fortunate in our early life experiences we could attribute them in some measure to our earthly fathers.

Life is meaningful to us through our relationships with other people, which is to say that we experience joy in living and goodness of life to the extent that we have it in relationships with people around us. To refer it simply to faith in God is to miss the point.

PHILIP S. PIERCE.

Washington, D.C.

### A PRECARIOUS POSITION

THE SUGGESTION throughout Professor Goodenough's highly interesting article is that God and Christ and the whole of the Christian incarnate religion are pleasant myths for the adult who can no longer swallow Santa Claus. I don't think I am off the beat if I say that to Professor Goodenough (in this article, at least) the higher the intellectual horsepower the less belief possible in traditional faith. I don't think this really adds up to good scholarship, since the concept of the Trinity, to take but one traditional Christian belief, is anything but simplistic.

The Christian faith is a highly sophisticated thing, and I sincerely doubt that the superannuated lucubrations of our most intelligent contemporaries will ever plumb its depth or match its intricacies with "projections" of their own. Goodenough's contention that most beliefs, including the belief in reality, are wish projection tells us nothing new. It is a truism remarked upon from the age of Aristophanes through Shakespeare and down to Faulkner. I think that to use this projection theory as a firm basis from which to spring upon the conclusion that orthodox Christianity is passé leaves Professor Goodenough in a precarious position.

F. R. BUCKLEY.

Irvington-on-Hudson, N.Y.

"He hit me and I hit him and he hit me and I hit him and he hit me and I hit him—and then we got to fighting."

### KNIGHT NOT KNIGHTS

I FIND to my horror that my remarks about the distinguished Shakespearean critic G. Wilson Knight (in my article "Literary Criticism: The Critic as Conversationalist" [*SR* May 7]) are made to refer to another distinguished English critic, L. C. Knights. In my own draft of the article it is clearly Wilson Knight and "the School of Knight" that are referred to.

DAVID DAICHES.

Cambridgeshire, England.

### "THE DIGNITY OF MAN"

I SHOULD LIKE to correct a misapprehension on the part of Professor Ernest Nagel, distinguished reviewer of my husband's posthumous book "The Dignity of Man" [*SR* Apr. 30]. The early editing and compiling of Parts Five and Six were done by Adelaide Walker with my assistance, and the final editing by Duncan Norton-Taylor.

To this I would like to add a correction to the statement about Rudolf Steiner included in the review. Steiner was never a theosophist in the sense that we understand the term today. In fact, he broke with the Theosophical Society in 1911 for the very reason that his thinking was contrary to the mysticism of this movement. I must also add that though Russell Davenport was deeply influenced by Steiner's works, as he himself states in "Special Influences" at the end of the book, the ideas and content were entirely his own. This will be evident to anyone familiar with the author's earlier writings or those of Steiner.

MRS. RUSSELL W. DAVENPORT.

New York, N. Y.

### FREEDOM TO READ

AMONG OTHER THINGS, George Sokolsky suggested in his article "An Open Letter to the Post Office" [*SR* Apr. 23] that "the bookshops" are ganging up on certain current books, and in effect are "sabotaging," in other words censoring and suppressing, books.

As the representative of the average American bookstore, the American Booksellers Association hereby condemns this sort of irresponsible generalizing with regard to the American book trade. If Sokolsky cares to name names in the public print let him do so. The ABA, representing 1,400 staunch American retailers of books, is and always has been a staunch defender of the freedom of speech and the freedom to read.

JAMES A. DUFFY.
*Executive Secretary,*
*American Booksellers Association.*

New York, N.Y.

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## BROADWAY POSTSCRIPT

### Drowned in the Sauce

THE final week of the 1954-55 season saw two simple and unambitious works devitalized through being mounted with greeting-card glitter. The first, Henry Sherman's adaptation of Baruch Lumet's **"Once Upon a Tailor,"** is a humorous and touching tale about Frenzl, an impoverished Austrian tailor who is behind on his eldest daughter's dowry. In order to get the needed money he reluctantly becomes a paid matchmaker on behalf of a girl who wants to marry Bertzi, the son of a prosperous tailor. But Bertzi is in love with Frenzel's younger daughter, and it takes an accidental change in the principals' financial standings for love to conquer all.

While the play is no masterpiece, it did prove entertaining enough to run fifteen months in Los Angeles, where it was given a reportedly down-to-earth production with the laughs planted and plugged. Here in New York the play was elevated to a level where the air was too thin for it to breathe. Boris Aaronson constructed a rainbow-colored fairytale set and Joseph Anthony, whose production of "Bullfight" marked him as the most truly dedicated and talented director to come along in years, worked to bring a lyrical beauty to the acting.

In addition, Oscar Karlweis was yanked out of a hit in Berlin to play the leading role. The result of all this artistry was disappointingly inert and remote despite quality performances by Anita Cooper, Anne Hegira, Peter Fernandez, and Rebecca Darke.

* * *

In the case of the current musical-comedy presentation of **"Seventh Heaven,"** it is more like reading a *Cosmopolitan* story in *The New Yorker.* Vertes's lush and stylish scenery, Victor Young and Stella Unger's pretty but unspecial songs, a book that merely states the events of Austin Strong's richly emotional story, and two stars (Gloria DeHaven and Ricardo Montalban) from Hollywood who have not yet learned how to come to life onstage, all these add up to a flat though often pleasant evening. Kurt Kasznar, Robert Clary, Beatrice Arthur, Patricia Hammerlee, Chita Rivera, and Gerianne Raphael are pretty much wasted in undeveloped small roles, although the latter three, as a trio of dancing prostitutes, emerge with the most distinction.

There is also a splendid use of the stroboscope and occasional flashes of spirited dancing for which credit must go to director John C. Wilson and choreographer Peter Gennaro. But those who remember the movie with affection will probably get more out of playing their old phonograph record of "Diane." —HENRY HEWES.

## LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

Column Two should read: 6, 10, 13. 9, 12, 20, 14, 18, 19, 15, 16, 8, 11, 4, 7, 17, 5, 2, 3, 1. Column Three should read: 17, 11, 18, 10, 7, 16, 3, 20, 8, 1, 12, 2, 14, 5, 9, 19, 6, 15, 13, 4. Complete lines and works quoted are: 1. "A little learning is a dangerous thing" ("Essay on Criticism"). 2. "A sonnet is a moment's monument" ("The Sonnet"). 3. "A thing of beauty is a joy forever" ("Endymion"). 4. "An aged man is but a paltry thing" ("Sailing to Byzantium"). 5. "For Brutus is an honorable man" ("Julius Caesar"). 6. "For mockery is the fume of little hearts" ("Guinevere"). 7. "Full many a flower is born to blush unseen" ("Elegy Written in a Country Church Yard"). 8. "How charming is divine philosophy" ("Comus"). 9. "My name is Ozymandias, king of kings" ("Ozymandias of Egypt"). 10. "Something there is that doesn't love a wall" ("Mending Wall"). 11. "The best of life is but intoxication" ("Don Juan").
12. "The bird is on the wing, the poet says" ("Mr. Flood's Party"). 13. "The holy time is quiet as a nun" ("It Is a Beauteous Evening, Calm and Free"). 14. "The perfect body is itself the soul" ("Before a Statue of Achilles"). 15. "This English Thames is holier far than Rome" ("The Burden of Itys"). 16. "This mournful truth is everywhere confessed" ("London"). 17. "This night his weekly moil is at an end" ("The Cotter's Saturday Night"). 18. "Then Beauty is its own excuse for being" ("Rhodora"). 19. "This day the sun is in his chiefest height" (Epithalamion"). 20. "Thy sacred song is like the trump of doom" ("Dante").


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SR GOES TO THE MOVIES

## Billing the Biopic

WHAT *Variety* calls "the biopics," movies based on the lives of famous people, have certainly come a long way since the days when Don Ameche invented the telephone and Greer Garson discovered radium. Those respectful, eminently respectable portraits invariably managed to conceal their subject under so many layers of whitewash that, despite all the familiar name-dropping —"Mr. Bell, I think you should meet Mr. Edison"—it was difficult to believe that even the originals had ever been human. Musicals built around personalities still alive or only recently departed—like Jolson, Gershwin, Cole Porter, and Richard Rodgers—seemed even more worshipful; and not only of the hero himself, but also of any friend, enemy, or relative who might conceivably bring suit for invasion of privacy.

But great things have been happening out on the Coast. Someone—possibly someone in M-G-M's legal department—has apparently discovered the answer to this knotty problem in biographic drama, and in the current, ever-mounting tide of biopics we find a heartening change taking place. Otis Guernsey noted it here in *SR* a few weeks ago when he spoke of the "backbone" in M-G-M's "Interrupted Melody," the story of Marjorie Lawrence. In **"Love Me or Leave Me,"** M-G-M's new musical based upon the hectic career of Ruth Etting, there are backbone and muscle and good, firm flesh. Miss Etting, it may be remembered, made her major imprint on our society during the early Depression days by torch-singing "Ten Cents a Dance." She had appeared briefly with Ziegfeld, did a good deal of radio and nightclub work during the late Twenties, made a number of phonograph records and one or two not very successful film appearances. She had come from Chicago, and there was always the rumor that her career was financed by gangsters. Obviously the Etting story contained grist for the dramatic mills. The question was, would it come out pure corn?

To put it succinctly, far from it. The story is probably the solidest, strongest, most credible film biography yet. What makes this all the more surprising is the fact that "Love Me or Leave Me" is essentially a song-and-dance picture, a musical with a more than generous complement of nostalgic "oldies" neatly wrapped up by Doris Day. She sings them in a quiet, smoky voice that is always reminiscent, but never an imitation, of Ruth Etting's, and with orchestrations and settings that admirably capture the feel of the period. The best part of this film, however, belongs to James Cagney. As the crippled gangster who first "befriends," then marries the girl he displays all the nervous charm and swagger he had twenty years ago. Admirably written though the role is, Cagney performs it with such rare insight that the cocky, bullying little hoodlum becomes sympathetic, almost tragic.

* * *

Caryl Chessman's controversial autobiography, **"Cell 2455, Death Row"** (Columbia), has also been brought to the screen—another departure, for Hollywood has long been averse to handling controversial characters. Chessman, of course, is fairly notorious by this time. After a spectacular career of crime, which he freely admits, he was jailed on a particularly unsavory murder charge. He not only denied his guilt but, acting as his own lawyer, won himself four reprieves from the San Quentin death chamber. His book, written in prison, is not merely the story of his crimes but a rather cogent argument against capital punishment. The film version, however, sticks to the more lurid aspects of his story, handled in a manner strongly reminiscent of the gangster pictures that Cagney used to appear in—scenes of youthful delinquency, the rise from hoodlum to gang leader (with its incidental advantages of hot blondes and fast cars), and some final reflections on the futility of it all from behind prison bars. The question of whether Chessman—or Whit, as he is called in the film—was actually guilty of the "Red Light" murders is ducked by the simple expedient of photographing them in deep shadow.

* * *

For a taste of the old-fashioned kind of biopic Paramount offers **"The Far Horizons,"** the story of Meriwether Lewis and William Clark. At least, Fred MacMurray and Charlton Heston are *called* Lewis and Clark. Inevitably there's the line, "William Clark, I want you to meet Thomas Jefferson."

—ARTHUR KNIGHT.

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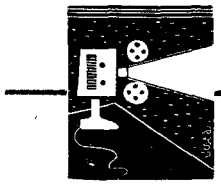

## IDEAS ON FILM

# At Home with Summer

LET me be the first to admit that looking at films in a darkened room is no match for being out in the sun and seasons. With a truly sensitive motion picture, however, you can generally see more than with your unaided eye. Film can observe, condense, and sharpen reality in such a way as to create new meanings, new beauties, and new experiences, even out of such familiar things as trees and birds and insects.

I've fallen in love with some of the recent nature films, and partly in love with others. Herewith some ecstatic praises, with critical comments where it seemed necessary:

**PANTA RHEI—ALL THINGS FLOW** (10 min. Distributed for rental and sale by Rembrandt Films, 35 West 53rd St., New York 19, N. Y.) The Dutch director Bert Haanstra has created a lovely documentary from familiar scenes of nature in speeded motion. There are perception and style in almost every shot—sunlight streaking through an airy forest, clouds racing overhead, waves sparkling and dimpling as they push forward to shore, leaves spiralling to the ground, swarms of birds (or bats?) circling in fantastic pattern. All in all it flows quite nicely. There is no commentary, nor is there any need for one.

The film was given this year's Golden Reel award in the category called Avant-Garde and Experimental—to the distinct dismay of some American experimentalists who were present. If an essential of the avant-garde film is that it be offensive and daring, then "Panta Rhei" certainly does not belong. As a quiet pictorial poem, it seems destined to please every conceivable audience in one way or another. I hope to see and enjoy it many times again.

**BOBWHITE THROUGH THE YEAR** (55 min., color. Produced by the Missouri Conservation Commission, Monroe Bldg., Jefferson City, Mo. Available for rental use in other states from Swank Motion Pictures, 614 North Skinker Blvd., St. Louis 5, Missouri, and from the Audio-Visual Education Center, University of Michigan, 4028 Administration Bldg., Ann Arbor, Michigan.) About a year ago this bobwhite film was recommended to me in a letter from Robert Leestma, Assistant Director of the University of Michigan Audio-Visual Center. Here, in part, is what he wrote: "It documents the life of a covey of quail throughout an entire year . . . and is in as beautiful and accurate color as we have seen in 16mm films . . . One feels at times that a quail must have been trained as a photographer and took some of the shots, so intimate is the study of the life of these birds. Do not let the length scare you off—it will be one of the most absorbing film hours you have spent."

Thank you, Bob Leestma, for calling the film to my attention, for letting me borrow your library print (when I was unable to locate another), and for writing half my film review. After seeing the film three times in one weekend, I can only agree that it is a wonderful film. In every detail the film is sensitive, intelligent, handsome, and honest. It was photographed and directed by Charles W. Schwartz, who is not a bobwhite, but a staff biologist at the Missouri Conservation Commission. He seems (on the basis of this film) to be without equal among wildlife movie photographers. The film, incidentally, was processed by the Calvin Company in Kansas City, and the color is superb.

Mr. Schwartz has recently completed a new 50-minute color film about the life and times of the rabbit. It's called "Cottontail," and is already available to Missouri residents through the seven Commission field service agents or by contacting local conservation agents. I haven't been able to see it yet, but I will—even if I have to move to Missouri.

**AMERICAN FLAMINGO** (13 min., color. Produced and distributed for rental and sale by Carlin Films, 450 West 56th St., New York 10, N. Y.) These are lovely glimpses of rare birds and their breeding grounds in Yucatan. The men who set out to photograph them were limited in the kinds of shots they could take, for they had to keep their distance. Nevertheless, using a variety of lenses, they do provide a close-up feeling and a sense of being in the midst of things. The flamingos are exceedingly photogenic, whether on land or in the air. Golden Reel award winner in the National Resources category.

**ENCYCLOPAEDIA BRITANNICA FILMS** (Produced and distributed for rental and sale by EBF, 1150 Wilmette Avenue, Wilmette, Illinois.) I've been pleasantly impressed with the handsome photography in some of the recent outdoors films from EBF. **"Life in the Grasslands"** (11 min., color) is about birds, animals, and insects of the prairie, and every bit as lovely as the recent Disney feature film. **"Reptiles"** (14 min., color) is plainly a high-school teaching film about the outstanding characteristics of the five kinds of reptiles on earth today—with some very imaginative picture-taking.

**"Look to the Land"** (21 min., color) is concerned with the conservation and enlightened use of our natural resources. It has a sentimental folk-song approach, absolutely stunning color photography, and a viewpoint that is always shifting out from under. The film was produced in cooperation with the Twentieth Century Fund ("The Living City," "Round Trip," etc.)

**"The Hunter and the Forest"** (8 min.) is the first of a notable series of films taken from the productions of Arne Sucksdorff and re-edited for American grade-school storytelling use. The sheer magic of the Sucksdorff image is very much present in shots of deer, quail, trees, and sky; still a great deal is lost in the oversimplification of the revised editing. As is usual in Sucksdorff's films, there are no spoken comments.

Half a dozen other Sucksdorff films are scheduled for American release in this abbreviated, simplified fashion. If you are interested in the rental or purchase of the *originals* for 16mm use, why not let the distributors know? It might help convince them that there is a market and an audience for them in the U. S.

**THE SEASONS** (18 min., color. Produced by Christopher Chapman. Limited distribution in the U.S. by the National Film Board of Canada, 630 Fifth Avenue, New York 20, N.Y.) Voted Canadian Film of the Year (1954), this is one man's pictorial impression of nature's moods and changing visage. Beginning with awakening springtime, the film encompasses a summer rainstorm, solemn autumn's harvesting of the earth's greenery, winter's spectacle of ice and snow, then the return to life in springtime. Aside from its pictorial attractions, the film is reinforced by the feeling and tempo of the editing, the careful selection of background music. The winter sequence is particularly magnificent in its detailed abstract patterns of black against white. I'd give the film a wholehearted recommendation for this alone. "The Seasons," incidentally, is available without charge, but distribution is limited by a shortage of prints.

**THE WORLD AT YOUR FEET** (22 min., color or b&w. Produced by the National Film Board of Canada. Distributed for rental and sale by International Film Bureau, 57 E. Jackson Blvd., Chicago 4, Ill.) Although primarily a teaching aid, concerned with an intelligent appreciation and use of the soil, the film has some fascinating things to say and show about ordinary plant and animal life. Time-lapse photography and photomicography reveal the wonders of growth and activity in the soil, at our very feet. Even in the bacterial life within the soil, organisms can survive only when there is an overall balance. Because we are apt to take it all for granted, or worse still to be entirely ignorant, the film has an important educational job to do among adults as well as youngsters. If it does nothing else, this compact little film should at least serve as a reminder that the world we live in has some laws of its own—immutable and pretty darned important to every one of us.

**THE LONG FLIGHT** (17 min. Distributed for rental and sale by the British Information Services, 30 Rockefeller Plaza, New York 20, N.Y.) Here is an informative, and at times amusing, picture of the ornithological pursuits of painter-scientist Peter Scott at the Severn Wildfowl Trust in southwest England. Catching and banding techniques are shown in fascinating detail; it's a fairly complex job, involving even the use of a rocket-propelled net to trap an entire flock of geese. Peter Scott, son of the famous Antarctic explorer, makes an interesting screen figure; and so, in their various ways, do the various birds.

**MINNEAPOLIS-MOLINE NATURE FILMS** (A series of color films produced by Martin Bovey Films, and available for free loan from the Minneapolis-Moline Co., Film Library, Minneapolis 1, Minn.) **"To Conserve Our Heritage,"** (25 min., color), most recent of the M-M feature films I've seen, is outstandingly attractive, forthright, and sensible on the subject of our nation's natural resources. Behind the picture of "this beautiful America," of which we all can be justifiably proud, lies an ever-growing wasteland, of which we can only be ashamed. For the first men there seemed to be enough of everything—enough bison and beaver and ducks, enough minerals and trees. But the settlers from Europe began tearing into the earth, hacking, ripping, gouging the land. To create our great cities, forests were cut down, rivers polluted, topsoil lost forever, wildlife sacrificed in ignorance. Even yet, when we know better, we haven't learned how to conserve fully our remaining natural resources. "To Conserve Our Heritage" is a film that has something to say, and it does so with pride and dignity. Add to this a photographic beauty that is diverse and breathtaking, and you end up with perhaps the best all-around conservation film of the decade.

**"Waterfowl in the Spring"** (10 min., color) highlights blue and snow geese bound for the Arctic, Canada geese and their young in convoy flight, whistling swans, canvasbacks, mallards, pintails, shovellers, and many others equally delightful to watch. The color is again spectacular and the viewpoint intelligent (as in its pointing out the thrill of hunting birds with field glasses and camera, as well as with gun).

**"Bird Nesting Time"** (10 min., color) shows the family life of more than a dozen familiar birds with their young. Photography is again wonderful, shots are steady and sustained long enough to take a good look at the little creatures, music is unobtrusive and pleasant. The lack of bird songs and calls is the only sad note.

**"The Lure of New England"** (28 min., color) is a tour of outdoor sights and historical landmarks, constructed around the theme that New England is a good place to live and a good place to visit. Aside from the usual views of the colorful seasons, famous buildings, and colleges, there are some lovely views of Cape Cod.

All the Minneapolis-Moline films are available without charge, and it's wise to submit your requests far in advance.

**MOODY SCIENCE FILMS** (A series produced and distributed for sale by the Educational Film Division, Moody Institute of Science, P. O. Box 25575, West Los Angeles 25, Calif.)

From the longer Moody Institute "sermon" films, ten short ones have been edited and are available for purchase by educational film libraries. Following are those I have particularly enjoyed: **"Blind as a Bat"** (7 min.), fascinating demonstrations of the bat's built-in radar system; **"Fish Out of Water"** (11 min.), an account of the extraordinary living habits of a strange fish called the grunion; and **"How Many Stars"** (11 min.), an astounding introduction to astronomy. A variety of lenses and techniques is used to bring things into view. Most of the films are available in color or in black-and-white.

Others in the series are "Crystal Gazing" (12 min.), "The Electric Eel" (12 min.), "World of Little Things" (15 min.), "Slow as in Sloth" (21 min.), "Plant Life at Work" (10 min.), "Carniverous Plants" (10 min.), and "Sounds in the Sea" (14 min.)—all of which would bear looking in on.

**PICTURE BOOK.** If outdoors photography means something special to you by all means take a look at Jeannette Klute's beautiful book of "Woodland Portraits" (Little, Brown, $20). There are fifty large color photographs of remarkable precision and delicacy. In each of them Miss Klute has captured, in the words of Emerson, "a picture which was never seen before and which shall never be seen again." There is also a wealth of information (in the back of the book) about how each photograph was made, and (in the front) a general introduction to Miss Klute and her work. As head of the Visual Research Studio of Eastman Kodak's Color Technology Division, Miss Klute adds to her love of nature a vast experience in the science of color photography. "Woodland Portraits" is a masterwork of photographic reproduction, and comes handsomely boxed, with two duplicate prints included for framing.

**FLAHERTY SEMINAR:** "An Exploration of the World of Robert Flaherty" is the name of a ten-day seminar to be held from July 26 to August 4, under sponsorship of the Robert Flaherty Foundation, R. F. D. 1, Brattleboro, Vermont. The fee of $75 includes a course of film showings, lectures (by Frances and David Flaherty, Richard Leacock, Helen Van Dongen, Virgil Thomson).

—CECILE STARR.

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# If You Don't Want Components (1955)

BOTH in diversity and results, the range of reproducers in the assembled category is much broader, with a wider latitude of choice, than a year ago. Hence, the market is much more advantageous than ever before for the purchaser who wants an all-in-one unit. What you want at a price you can afford is a match you can eventually arrange, provided you are forearmed with a little patience, a suitable survey of the market, and—above all—a sound idea of what you are shopping for.

One factor not accounted for in the adjoining tabulation—since it is decidedly a matter of personal predilection—is cabinetry. It may be good or bad at all the price levels surveyed, though which is which would be presumptuous for me to assert unless I were the buyer. Nevertheless, it is plain that some manufacturers are content to offer substantially the same goods in "packages" differing in price by as much as $200. The justification is the container in which the cake is served. Those who cherish the container at that cost will be induced; others will be wary.

A little scrutiny of the tabulation will show that there are, roughly, *ten* price categories between the minimum of $110 (approximately) and the maximum of $1600. The first three—with a ceiling of $150—are largely in the category of table reproducers pioneered by the Columbia 360 and imitated, improved, or merely copied by others. The Webcor 1138, at $109.95, offers a good sound within restricted dynamic levels at the lowest price encountered in this survey. The Westinghouse in this price range, as well as those costing a good deal more, are somewhat hobbled by the use of a crystal cartridge. Most manufacturers who do not indulge in the luxury of the magnetic (which means the provision of a preamplifier) cartridge seemed agreed that the ceramic is superior.

Category Two, which focuses on $130 as a mean between $110-$120 and $150, is featured by the new RCA Victor 6HF5. This is RCA's answer to Columbia's 360, and it is a lot of machine for the money. Its speaker alignment of woofer and two tweeters provides a remarkably balanced sound for a unit of such limited size. Like the 360 (and its improved Columbia derivatives, such as the 360K), the results are closely related to the amount of space your music is meant to fill. In a den-sized area, or a small sitting-room, or the close-walled living-room of a city apartment, the compact, multi-speaker unit can give very decent results.

Given a selling price of $150 or more, a shrewd manufacturer can trim costs here and there to create a "sleeper" for those who are concerned with results rather than appearances or brand name. A specimen of the sort is the Dictograph "Home Music System," which offers at $149.50 a magnetic pick-up (with diamond point), a Collaro changer, compensation for the most common recording curves, and a woofer-tweeter speaker combination in a separate enclosure. The rub is that the housing is of the utility kind, with limited eye appeal. For a few dollars more ($154.95) Westinghouse offers a unit with an AM radio tuner, but the pickup is crystal, the speaker limited to one eight-inch all-purpose element.

It is, obviously, impossible to document all of the nearly forty instruments included in this survey, wherefore some generalizations may be provided in the ascending half-dozen or more categories. Olympic is a name which has come to symbolize more than ordinary value in whatever price category a unit appears. However, there is no indication, in the specifications submitted by Olympic, that any of its units embody a compensating circuit. A person investing over $200 is entitled to some recognition of the compensator's importance in record reproduction. In fact, Mitchell, a Chicago manufacturer, provides such a circuit in a well-designed unit listing at $199.95. The same manufacturer offers the most economical record reproducer including AM-FM radio and a compensating circuit at $329.95.

A NEW name in the relatively modest $250 category is Fisher, formerly identified with units ranging upward from $500. The model described as 101M utilizes a Collaro changer (favored, incidentally, by a number of other manufacturers of assembled reproducers), and three eight-inch speakers. What comes out, of course, is much related to the way the whole unit is engineered; some compensation is provided. No radio, however. The well-known Magnavox products include the CP-251 at $198.50, which provides two twelve-inch and two five-inch speakers. Oddly enough, the Capehart "Bolero" at the same price ($199.95) promises the same combination exactly.

For the purchaser intent upon spending more than $300, the attractions multiply in the directions of cabinetry, extraneous gadgets, and associated lures of one sort and another. An interesting offering, at $368.75, is the Bogen "Nassau," which separates pickup-turntable-and-amplifier (in a chairside unit) from the speakers (tweeter-woofer) in a separate enclosure. An AM-FM tuner is also provided, but there is no suggestion—from the literature descriptive of the unit—that a compensating circuit is desirable, or necessary. A similar count must be entered against the Scott Radio "Kensington" (not to be confused with the products of Herman Hosmer Scott of Cambridge, Massachusetts) at $395.

In the price categories around and above $500 the circumstances of choice are apt to be so personal that guidance is largely superfluous. Here, certainly, the preferences involving cabinetry are likely to be paramount, and the several manufacturers who appeal to this market have spread their nets artfully. The most interesting item among those submitted for attention is Capehart's "Fifth Symphony," which offers a compensating circuit, AM-FM radio, a speaker system utilizing two twelve- and two five-inch speakers, *plus* tape recorder and playback facilities. However, the arm still houses the ceramic cartridge offered in Capehart's "Rodeo," at $129.95. The Fisher CK-14, at $595, is an excellent reproducer, as are—with more emphasis on substantial cabinetry—the Philco and Admiral models in the $750 range.

Taken all together, the typical assembled reproducers in this listing represent more value per dollar than has been true in the past, and are in several instances—as indicated—rather advantageous buys. However, no manufacturer has put together all the elements wanted—magnetic cartridge, diamond point, compensating circuit, AM-FM radio, tape recorder, and playback—in a housing suitable to the price asked. There are, along the way, examples of merchandise better than the buyer has been offered in the past at a like cost; but if the manufacturer is going to take the profit on the parts—as all do, in mass purchase and assembly—the consumer is entitled to expect more than is being offered to him, allowing for the few refreshing exceptions.—I. K.

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# ASSEMBLED HOME MUSIC REPRODUCERS

| MAKER | MODEL | PICKUP | CHANGER | SPEAKER | COMPENSATION | RADIO | PRICE |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| WEBCOR | 1138 | Ceramic | * | Two 4"x6", Tweeter | No | No | $109.95 |
| ADMIRAL | 4C26 | Ceramic | * | 3½", 8" | No | No | $119.95 |
| COLUMBIA | 322 (360) | Ceramic | * | Two 6"s | No | No | $119.95 |
| STROMBERG | HFTM | Ceramic | * | 5", 8" | No | No | $119.95 |
| WESTINGHOUSE | 465-R6 | Crystal | * | 8" | No | AM | $119.95 |
| CAPEHART | "Rodeo" | Ceramic | * | Two 6"s, Tweeter | No | No | $129.95 |
| RCA VICTOR | 6HF5 | Ceramic | * | One Woofer, Two Tweeters | No | No | $129.95 |
| ROLAND | 5 X 5 | Ceramic | * | Two 6"s | No | No | $129.95 |
| ALLEGRO | "Prelude" | Ceramic | Webster | Two 8"s | No | No | $139.95 |
| OLYMPIC | HF 500 | Ceramic | * | 5", 8" | No | AM | $139.95 |
| ADMIRAL | 5M36 | Ceramic (Chairside) | * | 3½", 8" | Yes | No | $149.95 |
| COLUMBIA | 422 (360K) | Ceramic (Diamond Stylus) | * | Two 6"s, Electrostatic Tweeter | No | No | $149.95 |
| DICTOGRAPH | HMS | GE (Magnetic) Diamond Point | Collaro | 3", 8" (Sep. Enclosure) | Yes | No | $149.50 |
| SYLVANIA | 918 | Ceramic | * | One Woofer, Two Tweeters | No | No | $149.95 |
| WEBCOR | 1133 | Magnetic | * | Woofer, Tweeters (Size not specified) | No | No | $149.50 |
| WESTINGHOUSE | 467-R6 | Crystal | * | 8" | No | AM | $154.95 |
| PHILCO | 1347 | | * | 8", plus Electrostatic Tweeter | No | No | $159.95 |
| OLYMPIC | 572 | Ceramic | * | 12" | No | AM-FM | $169.95 |
| ALLEGRO | "Octave" | GE (Magnetic) | Webster | 12" | No | AM-FM | $169.95 |
| RCA VICTOR | 6HF4 | Ceramic | * | One Woofer, Two Tweeters | No | No | $169.95 |
| CAPEHART | "Bolero" | Ceramic | * | Two 12", two 5" | No | No | $199.95 |
| MAGNAVOX | CP251 | Crystal | * | Two 12", two 5" | No | No | $198.50 |
| MITCHELL | 3 dm | Magnetic | Webster | 8" | Yes | No | $199.95 |
| OLYMPIC | 503 | Ceramic | * | 5", 8", 12" | No | AM-FM | $199.95 |
| ADMIRAL | 5M 56 | Ceramic | * | 8", 3½" | Yes | No | $249.95 |
| CAPEHART | "Magic Flute" | Ceramic | * | Two 12", two 5" | Yes (Minimum) | No | $249.95 |
| FISHER | 101 M | Magnetic | Collaro | Three 8"s | Yes | No | $249.50 |
| OLYMPIC | 510 | Ceramic | * | Two 5", two 8" | No | AM-FM | $249.95 |
| PHILCO | 1755 | Ceramic | * | 10", Electrostatic Tube | No | No | $249.95 |
| RCA VICTOR | 6HF3 | Ceramic | * | One Woofer, Two Tweeters | Yes | AM-FM | $325.00 |
| MITCHELL | 3dRM | Magnetic | Webster | 10", 3" | Yes | AM-FM | $329.95 |
| WESTINGHOUSE | 469R12 | Magnetic | * | Tweeter, Woofer | No | AM-FM | $344.95 |
| MAGNAVOX | 259 M | Crystal | * | Two 12", two 5" | No | AM-FM | $350.00 |
| BOGEN | "Nassau" | Magnetic | Collaro | Tweeter, Woofer (Separate Enclosure) | No | AM-FM | $368.75 |
| SCOTT RADIO | "Kensington" | Magnetic | Scott | 12", 3" | No | AM-FM | $395.00 |
| CAPEHART | "V Symphony" | Ceramic | * | Two 12", two 5" Includes Tape Recorder and Playback | Yes (Minimum) | AM-FM | $449.95 |
| MAGNAVOX | 266 M | Crystal | * | Two 12", two 5" | No | AM-FM | $495.00 |
| WESTINGHOUSE | 480 C12 | Magnetic | * | Tweeter, Woofer | No | AM-FM | $499.95 |
| FISHER | CK 14 | Magnetic | Collaro | 15" Coaxial | Yes (Minimum) | AM-FM | $595.00 |
| RCA VICTOR | 6HF2 | Magnetic | * | One Woofer, Two Tweeters | Yes | AM-FM | $595.00 |
| PHILCO | 1758 MH | ..... | * | Woofer, Electrostatic Enclosure | No | AM-FM | $750.00 |
| ADMIRAL | HF 6 | Ceramic | * | 15" Woofer, High Frequency driver | Yes | AM-FM | $795.00 |
| RCA VICTOR | 6HF1 | Magnetic | • | One Woofer, One Mid-Range, Two Tweeters (Separate Enclosure); Tape Recorder | Yes | AM-FM | $1600.00 |

** Changer made by seller of unit.*

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# Recordings Reports: Jazz on LPs

| PERFORMER, CONTENTS, DATA | REPORT |
|---|---|
| The Australian Jazz Quartet. Bethlehem BCP-1031. $3.85. | A recently formed group of three Australians and one American, plus—on this LP, at any rate—an undescribed bass player, who play, in various modernistic combinations, piano, drums, vibraphone, tenor and alto saxophone, bassoon, flute, piccolo, and clarinet. Two of the eight tunes are given over to piano and vibraphone solos, and on the rest there is a lot of interplay between flute and bassoon, which, for jazz purposes, anyway, sounds like an irritable bee. A promising, if not exhilarating, first LP. |
| Buck Clayton Jams Benny Goodman. Columbia CL-614. $3.95. | George Avakian and John Hammond's third invaluable memorial to the statuesque and non-air-conditioned jazz of the Golden Era (1935-45). There is a twenty-five and one-half minute version of "Christopher Columbus" that should have been further pruned, and, respectively, nine-minute and eight-minute demonstrations of "Don't Be That Way" and "Undecided." The highlights are Billy Kyle's sparkling piano, Buck Clayton's trumpet, and the wind-in-the-trees rhythm section of Page, Green, and Jones. Also present, in slightly different personnels, are J. Newman, U. Green, H. Chambers, T. Young, L. Davis, J. Dash, C. Hawkins, C. Fowlkes, Sir Charles Thompson, and M. Hinton. |
| Mr. Music: Al Cohn and His Orchestra. Victor LJM-1024. $3.98. | Another modern small band date that sounds like any number of other recent modern small band dates in its smoothness, thoughtfulness, and monotony. Even Al Cohn, who is one of the best young tenor saxophonists around, seems bejellied here in his writing (one original), arranging (five standards), and playing. The remaining three originals are by Ralph Burns, Manny Albam, and Johnny Carisi. In the studio, which did come alive on "Move," were amongs others, J. Newman, B. Byers, B. Bauer, H. McKusick, and Osie Johnson. |
| Collaboration: Shorty Rogers and Andre Previn. Victor LJM-1018. $3.98. | Fast, fleet, busy small band West Coast jazz that is reminiscent of trying to pick up a piece of wet soap from a marble floor. B. Shank, B. Cooper, J. Guiffre, M. Bernhart, S. Manne, J. Mondragon, C. Counce, A. Hendrickson, and J. Marshall slide around among the twelve tunes, six of which are standards while the rest are evenly split Rogers-Previn originals based on the chords of the standards. |
| Horn of Plenty: Dick Collins and the Runaway Herd. Victor LJM-1019. $3.98. | Dick Collins is a young trumpet player whose style stems from that of Miles Davis and who is not nearly so good as the publicity men would have us believe. Here, however, he has brought together six members of Woody Herman's band (R. Kelly, C. Flores, B. Perkins, D. Hafer, J. Nimitz, N. Pierce), as well as Al Cohn and Med Flory, for a romping, interesting session. The five-man saxophone section boots every note of the way and makes up for whatever limpness there is when Collins solos. Four originals and eight standards. |
| Chico Hamilton Trio. Pacific Jazz PJLP-17. $3.85. | Chico Hamilton, who is a sensitive, driving drummer, with Howard Roberts on guitar and George Duvivier on bass, in a fine example of sympathetic, creative musicianship that could have been wallflower jazz, but isn't. It is too bad, though, that Hamilton, who is a delicate and powerful brush soloist, didn't have more space to himself. Three standards and five originals. |
| Coleman Hawkins and His All Stars: Improvisations Unlimited. Concert Hall Society CHJ-1201. $4.98. | One of those "motherless" sessions (Hawkins is joined by a mixed modern-traditional group of Emmet Berry, Eddie Bert, Billy Taylor, Milt Hinton, and Jo Jones) that comes very close to being first-rate. Perhaps the reasons it isn't are that Berry is not in top form, Hawkins is transitioning between his old velvetiness and a new hardness, and the overall structuring of the nine standards is just a little too loose. |
| Lady Day: Billie Holiday. Columbia CL-637. $3.95. | That elusive quality that makes certain jazz records permanent pieces of improvisational art is in most of these twelve reissues, made by Billie Holiday between 1935 and 1937 with various groups of her own and Teddy Wilson's that included such as Lester Young, Buck Clayton, Roy Eldridge, Johnny Hodges, and Benny Goodman. "My Man" and "Can't Help Lovin' That Man" might better have replaced "Summertime" and "Billie's Blues," which are spirited but dated, but then it's all Mumm's and all fresh from the bottle. |
| Mahalia Jackson: The World's Greatest Gospel Singer. Columbia CL-644. $3.95. | Mahalia Jackson, who is a forty-four-year-old gospel singer, steadily refuses, according to the notes, to sing jazz. Nevertheless, the combination of her promethean and irresistable voice, and her approach to these eleven spirituals and gospel songs, is that of a great jazz singer. Miss Jackson, in fact, has taken up where Bessie Smith left off. Listen to her *singing* recreation of "When the Saints Go Marching In." She is accompanied by the Falls-Jones ensemble of organ, piano, guitar, bass, and drums. |
| Hal McKusick. East Coast Jazz/8. Bethlehem BCP-16. $4.85. | This is teacup jazz that is balanced, however, by a good deal of emotion and freshness. McKusick is an alto saxophonist (because of its very nature, this instrument is, in a way, the most indefensible in jazz) who plays in a soft-textured post-Parker tradition. The seven originals and three standards were all arranged by Manny Albam, and are played with pulsiveness and understanding by Barry Galbraith, an exceptional young guitarist, Milt Hinton, and Osie Johnson. |
| Lennie Niehaus. Vol. 3: The Octet. No. 2. Contemporary C-3503. $4.85. | Niehaus is a young, brilliant, and cold West Coast alto saxophonist who has arranged all twelve tunes here, five of which are his originals, and the rest standards, into tight, reed-based voicings that make the few solos allowed somehow seem like nothing more than parenthetical insertions. He is abetted by B. Holman, J. Guiffre, P. Jolly, Stu Williamson, B. Enevoldsen, M. Budwig, and Shelley Manne. |
| Jimmy Rushing Sings the Blues. Vanguard VRS-8011. $3.95. | Jimmy Rushing, who made blues singing a respectable woman during the many years he was with Count Basie, in a moving showcase of his talents, which appear just about as rounded and blue-blooded as ever. There are five Basie-associated standards, and two originals by Sam Price, who is on piano. The only debits are the lack of a baritone saxophone on "Goin' to Chicago" (Jack Washington, a baritone saxophonist, immortalized the original Basie record with his background musings), and the sloppy ensemble in "Sent For You Yesterday." Jo Jones, W. Page, B. Tate, P. Jenkins, H. Chambers, and B. Richardson complete the accompaniment. |
| Scott's Fling: The Tony Scott Septet. Victor LJM-1022. $3.98. | A meditative and rather haunting (in places) record date that displays Scott's excellent and lyrical clarinet in a setting that could have had more solo space and less deep-mahogany ensembles. Six originals by Scott and six standards. A second, and more footling date, would be welcome from the same group (D. Banks, J. Nottingham, B. Byers, M. Hinton, O. Johnson).—WHITNEY BALLIETT. |

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# Twins of Siamese Theatre

By FAUBION BOWERS

THE ingenious burlesque of Siamese dancing Jerome Robbins introduced with his "Small House of Uncle Tom" ballet in "The King and I" did the art in Thailand a good service. I don't think anyone who saw the New York performance and who finds himself here in the home of the original misses a visit to the Silapakorn Theatre, a long barnlike rectangle on the edge of the University grounds surrounded by Buddha heads, peepul trees, and snake sculptures, and the only place where Siamese dancing can be seen regularly. While these performances are deeply serious and differ from the Broadway version in several ways, they are still thoroughly enjoyable. At any performance you can see a sprinkling of "The King and I"-whetted foreigners approving and applauding the dancers who move about the stage in sparkling paillette-studded blouses, with skirts of off-color, shot silks, and crowned with golden, spired headdresses.

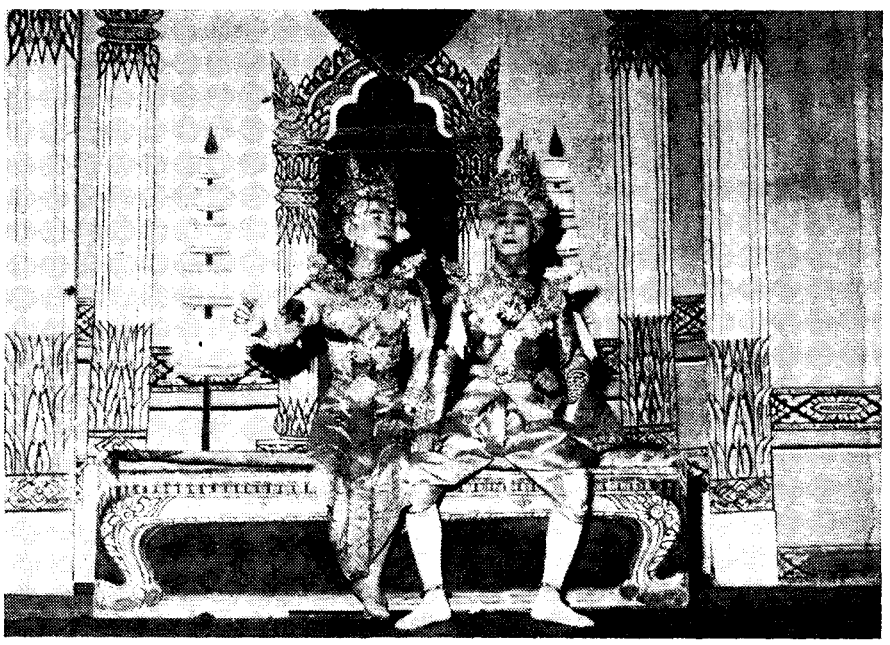
Those of us who have spent any time in Thailand, however, are apt to find our chief pleasure not so much in the Silapakorn Theatre's dance performances but in Likay, the popular theatre and the country's oldest drama form. Until about 200 years ago all theatre here consisted of dance or dance-dramas the themes of which were exclusively religious—the exploits of Buddha, or the heroics of the Hindu religious epics which are as familiar to a Siamese as they are to the Hindus themselves—and these dancing troupes were for the most part confined to the royal family or princes of wealth. When Likay started at this time the theatrical life of Thailand altered substantially. The dance element, with its archaicisms and involuted symbology, was pared down to a minimum and story and plot were emphasized. The performers became actors, in that they spoke their own lines (instead of silently dancing out the words sung by the chorus in the orchestra) and enacted emotions and situations more or less realistically. The shift in subject matter was from religion to history, from gods to kings, from the divine to the human, and once human beings started appearing the common man too found his way into the themes.

Now that Likay is already 200 years old, it still seems classical, stylized, full of conventions, and a little artificial, but its hold over the people has remained in full force, and it is likely that it will be another 200 years before this style will burn itself out and become too remote from contemporary audiences to continue being popularly supported. At the moment in Bangkok alone there are about twenty Likay theatres, each performing night after night to audiences jammed into hard, uncomfortable seats and who sit enthralled for hours on end. If you wonder where the Siamese go in the evenings when the cluttered jumble of city traffic disappears and the streets of Bangkok mysteriously turn deserted and ghostly, the answer probably is to the Likay.

It is a mildly dangerous thing to develop a taste for Likay. The chauffeur of a friend of mine was so taken by it that he went every night, nonstop, for six months and was fired (his employer had no one to drive *him* to the Likay and it would not have been socially correct for them to go together). When his money ran out he started working again, and for the time being has given up the theatre. Another acquaintance of mine cannot go to sleep unless he sees Likay or at least listens for half an hour to the special radio performances broadcast regularly from 10 to 10:30 in the evening. The actors and playwrights encourage this habit-forming aspect of their dramas by serializing them and unfolding the plot and sub-plots in instalments. I have just finished following the latest Likay, a play called "The Red-Silk Bandit," and it took us just about a week before it turned out that the bandit—always masked with a red silk scarf—was actually a very strong-minded and masculine woman.

LIKAY is comparable a little to musical comedy. There is always music—the orchestra of bamboo xylophones, leather drums, and ivory horns sits in full view on the stage—and entrances and exits, battles, sentimental scenes of tears and love and departures always must be accompanied by specific compositions to heighten the dramatic effect of the action. Sometimes, I think, the music also starts up whenever the orchestra gets bored or wants a particular act of the play to finish. Likay also must have passages and interludes of dancing. Kings and queens always dance on and off the stage (at the start of their first appearance they bow to the audience formally in the Siamese greeting of hands pressed together with the thumbs at their nose), and every actor of the troupe is supposed to be able to dance even if his particular part does not specifically call for a dance sequence. Every actor has to sing, too.

There is always a fine mixture of humor and seriousness, and, inevitably, the positive, happy conviction that right triumphs, wickedness gets punished, and goodness ultimately



Two old male Likay stars (actor playing the queen is on the left).

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finds its proper rewards. Likay has, too, other strict, classical conventions. The majority of the spoken lines and all the words of the songs must be improvised on the spot in a special, unvarying meter, and the phrases must rhyme. This is of course extremely difficult to do, and sometimes the rules take precedence over the sense, but more often you find the actor creating a charming and natural poetry which seems all the more impressive because of its spontaneous inventiveness. In theory and according to tradition all the roles are performed by men, and today some of the best artists of the Likay stage are old men in their sixties who still excel as regal heroines. "The Red Silk Bandit" was something of a trick, since it was as unexpected to have a bandit turn out to be a woman as it was to have the Likay actor turn out to be a real, live woman. But the tendency recently is to use more and more women on the stage. Nowadays, sometimes, modern women in below-the-knee-length skirts and old-fashioned blouses appear onstage along with the older, more classically dressed actors playing other female roles. Curiously enough, these latter often act with far more femininity and delicacy of gesture than their actual female counterparts.

Despite its long theatrical heritage and its firm, unshakable roots in the minds and feelings of the Siamese people, Likay is a changing art. One of the most striking evidences of this is shown by the enormous interest the government now, within the last year or so, is taking in it. Because of its hold over the people, Likay offers a ready-made outlet for propaganda and the dissemination of government information.

Shortly before U Nu, the Prime Minister of Burma, paid Thailand his recent, formal State visit all Likay dealing with the Burmese wars were banned. This has been something of a blow for the actors, because the best plays in the repertoire have since the beginning of Likay exploited this theme. Much of Thailand's history has been the story of depredating Burmese invading the country, seizing bits of its territory, sacking the capital, and carrying off slaves, women, and even certain of the arts (Burmese puppets originally came from Thailand). These historical incidents naturally provided Likay with an inexhaustible number of dramatic possibilities. However, much as Likay may be affected for the moment, one thing I am certain of: there is enough vitality and genuine theatrical artistry in the Likay form and in the excellent actors that perform it to outlast this loss of part of its repertoire.

# How to Beat Low-Frequency Noise

By R. S. LANIER

LOW-FREQUENCY noise is a sneaky culprit that can steal away the fidelity of a sound system from under your nose. It comes from rumble or vibration in the turntable or tape transport mechanism. If the turntable, for instance, has any kind of shake in its motion, this can swing the stylus of the pickup back and forth, sending heavy voltages into the amplifier. These spurious voltages are often much stronger than the voltages representing the speech or music.

The progress of high fidelity has made low-frequency noise more of a problem today than it was a few years ago. Low-frequency noise often makes itself evident as a heavy rumbling sound, but sometimes you don't hear the worst of it. The heaviest noise can be at frequencies below the response range of the ear, say at ten or fifteen cps; or at least, too low for the loudspeaker to make it audible as sound, say below twenty-five cps. Practically no loudspeakers will come up with any audible sound from a voltage lower than twenty-five cps.

Thus, you can have a drive system that produces no audible rumble, but nevertheless is sending in to your amplifier tremendous spurious voltages. Your ears can't get them but the amplifier can be knocked off its feet by them.

If you can't hear it, how do you know when you have it? Suppose your system has a tendency to distort music which you have not been able to pin on the pickup, amplifier, or speaker. To find out if inaudible noise could be the cause, take the grille off your loudspeaker and put a *very* light finger on the speaker cone while a record is being played. If the cone flutters in and out haphazardly, or vibrates strongly without any apparent connection with the music, you have probably got a bad case of noise.

To look for the noise, put your fingertips lightly on the motor board at various points, on the center pin of the turntable, and on the base of the pickup arm, which will make evident to you any strong vibration. Turn the bass control on your amplifier all the way over to the "cut" position, to see if the fluttering and the distortion are reduced.

If you *have* got inaudible noise trouble, the cure is fairly simple and cheap. You need a filter between your pickup or tape head and your amplifier, which cuts the bass frequencies, beginning at twenty-five cps and going down the scale. If your loudspeaker is not of the big horn-loaded type that actually reproduces down to thirty cps or so, the filter can go higher. In other words, you should keep out of your amplifier any bass frequencies that you cannot use in the reproduction of music.

A number of high-fidelity amplifiers now provide such a low-cut filter, usually with adjustable cut-off points, such as twenty-five cps, forty cps, etc. If you happen to be the make-it-yourself type, you can put a filter on your system at the cost of three or four very inexpensive parts. Designs are given in audio handbooks. We can just about pass a rule that a bass-cut filter will improve the sound quality of any system.

If the rumble in your system is strongly audible, you have a choice of cures, depending on the state of your budget for high fidelity and on the intensity of your desire to hear very low bass notes. Cure 1, by far the more expensive, consists in getting a more refined drive system which does not rumble audibly, and then proceeding with a bass-cut filter at about twenty-five cps as described above.

Cure 2 is to abandon enough of the bass response of your system to get rid of the rumble, depending on the filter for the whole job. For instance, many moderately good turntables have considerable rumble in the region around thirty cps. You can get rid of this, and of course of the inaudible rumble at lower frequencies, with a filter that cuts at forty or forty-five cps. This of course cuts any music below this point too. But you will have good bass to forty-five or fifty cps, and music is perfectly satisfying with such a response, if the high end is in balance.

If the audible rumble is at a higher frequency, say at sixty or sixty-five cps, you need a filter which begins to cut at about seventy cps, and you may or may not feel that this eliminates more of the music than you are willing to lose. If it is too drastic for you, a more refined turntable is the only recourse. It is a question of cost in each case: how much bass, in the form of turntable refinement, are you willing to buy? But don't make the mistake of buying more bass than your loudspeaker will reproduce!

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# Pipe Organ—the Grand Tour

By DAVID HEBB

MUSIC for the organ has been constantly increasing in popularity among record listeners for the past few years, and the current musical tour of northern Europe, conducted via recordings by E. Power Biggs, may very well start its stock rising a few more points. A Neilsen rating of organ music would hardly be a match for a Boston Symphony or a Philharmonic recording, but the combination of good instruments, good playing, and good engineering technique can serve the cause well.

Mr. Biggs and Columbia Records have done a great thing on several counts. First, they have issued two twelve-inch discs comprising music by Purcell, Sweelinck, Buxtehude, Pachelbel, and Bach, music that is both listenable and important. Second, they have published an historically interesting musical document in assembling in one album the sounds of instruments in London, Holland, Germany, and Scandinavia, organs built as early as 1612 and as late as 1954. Third, they have done what is physically and financially impossible for most of us, guiding the listener and reader on a long itinerary thousands of miles from home.

It's impossible to say that the recordings sound thus and so; impossible because they sound a dozen different ways. There are organs in concert halls, organs in churches, in monasteries, and one that was built originally to accompany dancing in a Danish castle. There is a great, broad sound in Westminster Abbey; clear, high flute tone in Steinkirchen, Germany; imperious bass notes in Copenhagen. The variety of sound alone is impressive, but Mr. Biggs demonstrates a sensitivity and a skill in programming that leads the listener to feel that the marriage of composer, selection, and instrument is a happy one.

But amidst this variety there is one thing in common—all the organs are voiced in the manner we now call "classic." There was a period, from the nineteenth century into the 1920s, when it was thought desirable to make the tone of the organ sirupy and mushy. This kind of voicing made a chord, or a group of notes played in rapid succession, come out as a grand mishmash of wooden whistles, and it gave the average listener the idea that all organ sound was like that. And it was a wasted effort for an organist to attempt, with that kind of voicing, to play any polyphonic music, with more than one voice running concurrently. The greater part of organ literature is made up of polyphonic writing.

Early organs had a clarity and distinctiveness in their tonal design that made it possible for the performer to play four or five "voices" at the same time, with the listener easily able to follow each line of the music. Instruments being built today are reverting to that Bach-period principle.

E. Power Biggs is unquestionably the best-known organist in this country today. Born in Britain, he is an American citizen who has adopted Cambridge, Massachusetts, as his home, but who is as well known in quiet backwater towns as in Harvard Square by virtue of his recordings and his weekly radio broadcasts Sunday mornings. Other organists may be more flamboyant, some may play with greater dash and gusto, but no one exceeds his polish or his finesse in building a program. In recent years his style of playing has become broader and more free, the style of the artist rather than the scholar and teacher, with touches of light humor here and there.

Space doesn't permit a discussion of each item in **"The Art of the Organ—E. Power Biggs"** (Columbia SL-219), but some of the highlights are:

Purcell's "Fanfare in C Major" played on the organ of Westminster Abbey. Although most of the instrument is Harrison, 1935, there are two stops remaining from the time of Purcell himself, installed in 1662 by the great old man of English organ-building, "Father" Bernard Smith.

The man who is credited with being the originator of the organ-fugue, and with being the first to use the pedal division in fugal passages, was the Dutchman Jan Pieter (or Pieterszoon) Sweelinck, who died at sixty-nine the year after the Pilgrims landed at Plymouth Rock, and sixty-four years before the birth of Sebastian Bach. Four organs—one from each of the seventeenth, eighteenth, nineteenth, and twentieth centuries, have been selected by Mr. Biggs to display samples of the Sweelinck style.

Six German organs serve the music of Johann Pachelbel, the Nürnberger who lived from 1653 to 1706, and who introduced the Italianate style to Teuton ears. The instrument in the Benediktinerabtei at Weingarten is a Joseph Gabler creation of 1737, and the recording illustrates as well as any in this collection how much the building, the auditorium, is a part of the organ itself. The sonority of the room—nothing short of magnificent—contributes strong emphasis to the Pachelbel D Minor Toccata.

PROBABLY the best-known of these three pre-Bach composers of northern Europe is Dietrich Buxtehude, born in Elsinore four dozen years before Bach. Often told, if legendary, is the story of Bach's having walked fifty miles to hear the great Dane play. Buxtehude worked in Lübeck, doubtless played the organ of the St. Jakobi-Kirche on which Mr. Biggs has recorded the F-Major Prelude. It dates from the fifteenth century, though it was rebuilt and added to in 1636 and again in 1945. But the oldest organ in the world, in terms of its original construction and specifications, is probably the Compenius organ in the Frederiksborg Castle, at Hillerød. With every pipe—even the reeds—made of wood, it has stood, with some minor interruptions, since 1612. One of the few organs whose human pumper has not been supplanted by an electric blower, the Compenius sounds like nothing else in this world.

They also build them big in Denmark. Among the largest is that of the Danish State Radio—in a concert hall, no less—built by Marcussen in 1945 for the Copenhagen radio headquarters. High-fidelity enthusiasts will rave over the bass in this organ, well suited to the Buxtehude

**The Compenius (Denmark) organ: 1612.**

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Prelude, Fugue, and Chaconne in C Major.

The Biggs program comes to a towering conclusion in England with Bach, on the organ of Royal Festival Hall in London. The music is the D Minor Toccata; the organ is a Harrison and Harrison completed in 1954.

This is a major undertaking in its field, a significant accomplishment, both artistically, technically, and from the standpoint of historical interest. Let us hope that Mr. Biggs will travel next to France, Italy, and Spain.

THOSE who have heard the first three "volumes" in Aeolian-Skinner's series, **"The King of Instruments,"** will be interested to know that there is now a fourth. These records, as we tried to point out in an earlier review, are made and issued by the Aeolian-Skinner Organ Company, of Boston, Mass. The very first was a primer of how organ tone ought to sound, and included a set of audible definitions of the various types of tone: flute, string, reed, and mixture. Volume IV was recorded at St. Mark's Church, Mount Kisco, New York, one of the more attractive Westchester County communities. The organ is large enough to offer the wide variety of tone so desirable to an organist, yet it is no leviathan. Edgar Hilliar, who plays for this recording, knows the instrument well, since he is St. Mark's regular organist. A teacher of liturgical music himself, he was once a student of E. Power Biggs. Here Hilliar and Biggs almost meet again, for the opening work of this recording is a Pachelbel composition which was also recorded by Mr. Biggs for "The Art of the Organ"—the Choral and Variations (Partita) "Was Gott Tut, Das Ist Wohlgetan" ("What God does is well done"). The sound of the eight-foot Krummhorn in the third variation is particularly interesting. So also is the iambic beat in the eighth, and the cascades of notes in the ninth.

Themes which Wagner used in "Die Meistersinger" appear in a more nearly original form in an "Offertoire sur les Grande Jeux" composed around 1690 by François Couperin le Grand. The modern French school is represented by Marcel Dupre with a "Cortege et Litanie." There are two Bach selections: the Trio Sonata No. 4 (E Minor), and the choral-prelude, "O Man, bewail thy grievous sin," the latter from the Orgelbüchlein. And there is one particularly charming work by Thomas Arne, the English composer who was at the peak of his powers at the time when the thirteen American colonies were declaring their independence—the deft little "Flute Tune."

## MUSIC TO MY EARS

### Ormandy and Friends in Paris

PARIS.

The power of music to foster international amity was dramatically demonstrated here in the three concerts presented late in May by the Philadelphia Orchestra and its conductor Eugene Ormandy. Centered around the "Salute to France" festival, the continental debut of the virtuoso ensemble drew ever-mounting ovation from distinguished and demonstrative audiences which jam-packed the halls.

The premiere took place in the Paris Opéra. A program without soloists gave full opportunity for the audience to concentrate upon the conductor and his celebrated orchestra. The setting, however, proved almost too glamorous for such musical preoccupation. One entered to find the historic marble staircase lined on both sides by Republican Guards in full regalia, complete to helmets and dangling swords. In the auditorium, necks craned ceaselessly to see the diplomatic, social, and musical élite of the many countries represented.

Musically there was a certain constraint. The stage of the Opéra seems acoustically to favor voices rather than instruments, presenting space problems as well. The orchestra itself was under the tension inherent in an important debut. In addition, a great many seats were occupied by those who came to see rather than to hear. Nevertheless, a conductor of Ormandy's stature, and an orchestra of the Philadelphia's virtuosity (and expressivity), simply do not know how to achieve less than superior standards, whatever the circumstances.

Berlioz's "Roman Carnival" was an impressive curtain-raiser. Then, though I am less enthusiastic about the Tchaikovsky No. 4 than the last two symphonies, the performance roused me from the usual detachment which the score usually produces. The playing of the scherzo and finale particularly was the most extraordinary I can remember since Koussevitzky days, displaying a mastery of conception and execution immense in degree. The excellently wrought "Epigraphs" of Norman dello Joio furnished a note of repose which was warmly received. In the Moussorgsky-Ravel "Pictures at an Exhibition," Ormandy attained the ultimate in elegance and variety, revealing every meaning of the ravishing score. The audience applauded long and heartily, eliciting Ravel's "La Valse" as an encore. It was performed with a freedom which resulted in the warmest response of the evening and forecast the ever-increasing rapport between the orchestra and the French public.

The second concert, at the Palais du Chaillot, was heard under artistically happier circumstances. Magnificent acoustics, artists relaxed and acclimated, and an audience of genuine musicality combined to create an atmosphere which the conductor and his men quickly translated into great music-making. An exquisite performance of Prokofiev's "Classical" Symphony opened this program. Following, Ormandy had more substantial musical fare, the Beethoven "Heroique," for an audience with solid musical appetites. The familiar masterpiece spoke eloquently in a somber and simple, yet spacious and enlightened manner. We then heard the American baritone William Warfield in a recitative and aria from Handel's "Samson," Iago's "Credo" from "Otello," and a group of old American songs arranged by Aaron Copland. Warfield proved again his splendid musical gifts as well as the possession of an unusually fine style. Copland, who was present, ran forward to congratulate soloist and conductor, whereupon the audience enthusiastically included him in its plaudits. Debussy's "La Mer" brought the evening to an iridescent close. The audience "bravoed" and would not be denied an encore: Debussy's "Fêtes" was played, and ravishingly.

The third concert in the same theatre featured Bloch's Concerto Grosso No. 2 for strings, Brahms's Symphony No. 2, the Chopin F minor concerto with Alexander Brailowsky, concluding with Ravel's "Daphnis and Chloe" suite No. 2. The playing of the Brahms seemed to me one of Ormandy's finest achievements. His choice of tempi, the balance and blending, his flexible rhythmic propulsion and textual transparency created a continuity of conviction from start to finish. Brailowsky's performance was perhaps the best I have ever heard from him. Nevertheless, he did not match in poetry or technique the towering standards of his confreres. As he is a great favorite of the Parisian public, his success was automatic. Two encores followed: Chopin's D flat waltz and Mendelssohn's E minor scherzo.

—ABRAM CHASINS.

*(To be concluded next week)*

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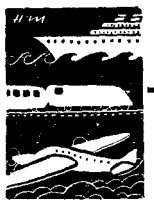


## BOOKED FOR TRAVEL

### J. Broz Tito Presents

DUBROVNIK, YUGOSLAVIA.

THE other day, while Tito might have been pondering the initial overtures from those two tourists Khrushchev and Bulganin, a pair of models from *Vogue,* their hair done up in silky kerchiefs and their legs bound in pastel-green toreador pants, were posing on the medieval ramparts of this ancient Dalmatian city. The expensive cruise-boats had steamed in for the first time during the winter. Back home in Amarillo the rich, sea-going relatives had already told their poor, home-staying relatives about it. Soon the slick pages with the strange postures and the arch captions would call it *chic.* No one who had been there could deny that it was cheap and charming. The discovery of the year seemed to be this walled Dalmatian port which for 1,000 years had been an independent Slavic republic and was now, let's face it, a Communist city.

Once known far across the seas as a maritime power called Ragusa, Dubrovnik has really changed only its name and its politics. It is a delightful gem of turrets and towers. Seaside walls were built to keep out the Venetians across the Adriatic, and landside walls to keep out the Turks spreading from the East. Today all this ancient stone is an unparalleled backdrop for the annual summer festival of music and drama. From the fifteenth century to 1808, when Napoleon put Dubrovnik—or Ragusa—out of business, the city flourished as the cultural headquarters for Dalmatian literature that welled out of neighboring Split, Hvartrogir, and Sibenik. To this day Dubrovnik's home-grown plays are presented wherever they were set by the playwright: in lovely old squares, in the green parks, on Renaissance castle walls. Concerts are given in the courtyard of the Rector's palace, on the ramparts of the forts, on the terraces of patrician villas.

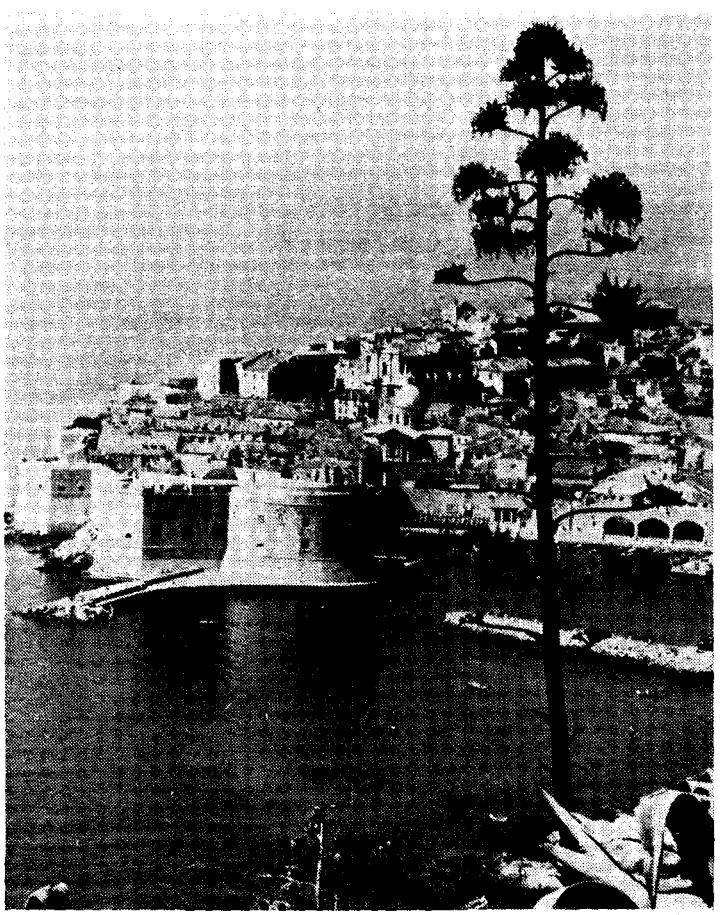
This summer's program, under the patronage of the President of the Republic, Marshal J. Broz Tito, calls for such operas as Mozart's "Don Giovanni," Benjamin Britten's "The Rape of Lucretia," such ballets as Prokofiev's "Romeo and Juliet" and Tschaikovsky's "Swan Lake." Theatrical performances will include Shakespeare's "San Ljetne Noci," also known as "A Midsummer Night's Dream." En route to the theatre visitors will cross an ancient drawbridge that spans a moat where orange trees grow now, and cedars of Lebanon toss in the Adriatic breezes. There, in one of the town's eleven castles set at the water's edge with the sea crashing all around, they will see "Kraljevic Danski," or "Hamlet."

Visitors shop along the *Placa,* which citizens tell you apologetically was rebuilt after the earthquake. The earthquake was in 1520. Every store is built the same, with a plate glass window framed by a Gothic arch. By state decree, no sign may hang outside to desecrate the medieval atmosphere. On the counters inside are laminated cherrywood boxes carved with green Serbian designs, intricately carved wooden flutes, red pillbox hats hung with black tassels, silver bracelets, and filigree cigarette holders too narrow to hold an American cigarette. Occasionally swarthy Yugoslavs will appear from one of the incredibly narrow side-streets and furtively peddle the moth-eaten pelt of a fox.

The fox peddlers are about all that remain of private industry. As it was explained to my free and enterprising mind, the companies that operate shops, hotels, and travel bureaus are run by a "council and board" elected by the employes and workers of each company. The manager is an appointed executive. Profits, or—as they are termed here—"benefits," are shared by the employes and the local government, although in what proportion I wouldn't know. At any rate, the Yugoslavs are at great pains to point out the differences between the USSR and the "Yugoslav socialist democracy."

The new order, if indeed it restricts liberty and independence, certainly has made no effort to remove the Statue of Liberty and Independence which was built in 1418 and still looks down on old Luza Square. The clock tower has been rebuilt and now shows phases of the moon. The old mint building, which once issued its own *perperas,* still stands, and up the block in a Franciscan monastery that dates from 1304 is Europe's oldest drugstore. It was opened by the Franciscans in 1317, is still doing business, and is still run by a monk, now a state employe.

The state tourist office —which does business under the low-comedy name of Putnik—has fastidiously preserved the palace of the Rector or *knez,* who functioned as head of Dubrovnik when Dubrovnik was Ragusa and Ragusa was an independent republic. Elections were held every three months, and in the last days of the state every month, for it was a rule that every male patrician over twenty had to have a crack at playing *knez.* Hung with glass chandeliers from Murano, the Rector's palace is



—*Yugoslav Tourist Office.*

". . . Dubrovnik has really changed only its name and its politics."

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finished in the flourishing style known as Venetian rococo. Plaster models wear the red damask cloaks once affected by the Ragusans' fifty senators, and in the seventeenth-century baroque office of the Rector, with its red damask walls, is the red toga worn by the head of state along with his black stole, the costume until 1808.

The fall of the republic weakened not only the cultural virility of the city, but it ended a long epoch of Ragusan success as a sea power and Balkan trading center. Goods from the West bound for Balkan nations came in by way of Ragusa, and cattle, hides, wool, honey, wax, wood, and silver from the Slavic lands went out. By the sixteenth century the Ragusan fleet numbered 200 ships and 4,000 men and its sails billowed not only along the Mediterranean but even up to England and Holland. Those Ragusans who stayed home became weavers, dyed textiles, made bells and cannons, guns and locks and currency, and the goods they made were carried abroad in Ragusan ships. A ship of the "Aragosans," heavily laden with wares, was called an "Argosy" by British sailors, and the word still means a richly stocked ship.

The first laws guaranteeing rights of citizens were published in Ragusa in 1272. The city organized public schools, issued a building code, organized a public-health service, endowed charitable institutions. It restricted slave trading in the fourteenth century, abolished it in 1416. By the fifteenth century Ragusa was producing not only sailors, weavers, and bell-makers, but astronomers, mathematicians, lawyers, doctors, and its first littérateurs.

For those who come to Dubrovnik today the sea road still seems the easiest. From the States TWA will fly you directly to Milan, and from that industrious city you can cross to Venice, then by boat to Dubrovnik. The water route across the Adriatic takes a day, costs $9 first class, plus cabin and meals. Anybody can get a visa by merely filling out an *upitnik*, which is to say, a questionnaire.

Hotels and pensions are spread along the seaside, many of them looking out to Lokrum Island, which blooms with subtropical plants and is much favored by Sunday picnickers, who swim from the rocks and fish for octopus, tuna, and lobster. Coming home from the Third Crusade in the fall of 1192, Richard the Lion-Hearted was shipwrecked on Lokrum. He offered thanks for his safety by building a cathedral for Ragusa which was destroyed in a seventeenth-century earthquake.

Three hotels, the Excelsior, the Argentina, and the Imperial, all are up to this department's standard, but it is safe to say that the Excelsior is the best. Every room at the Excelsior has a bath, a terrace, and a magnificent vista of the Adriatic. The terrace cafe is set in a palm grove looking out to Bari somewhere across the sea. Oleander bushes in huge green tubs, laurel trees, white *pitosphor*, and rich red *tamarix* trees offer shade and perfume to the walks. The main summer restaurant is a 100-yard canopy-covered seaside porch. The beach can be reached directly from the rooms, a small crib has been built into the rocks for youngsters, and there is a restaurant on the beach for those who don't want to return to the hotel at noon. Top rate is $7 a day American plan. One reason the place is so modern is that during the late encounter the RAF got the news that a Gestapo commander was living at the Excelsior and they blasted it to rubble.

After performances of the melancholy *Danski* and other assorted *al fresco* works there is dancing in the City Cafe, a former drydock which can accommodate 800 tipplers at one time. Here you can watch the visiting capitalist yachts bob in the social democratic waters, dance away the communally-owned night, drink the *slivovitz* distilled by communal effort from communally-grown plums. Should you have a hangover the next morning, however, it's all yours.

—Horace Sutton.

### FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT NO. 624

*A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 624 will be found in the next issue.*

KL EHM TNAGMKABMG,

ADGEAL RKCCHA DKMS

NA, XDNTG ADG

TKWLG HE KZGL

KBZSGCAL NAL OKTBG.

SKMANKT

*Answer to Literary Crypt No. 623*

When we risk no contradiction, it prompts our tongue to deal in fiction. —J. Gay.

# News in Paperbacks

*Continued from page 20*

Doubleday's own backlist and from those of other publishers, giving a well-balanced combination of serious fiction (Stendhal's "The Charterhouse of Parma"), scholarship (Joseph Bedier's "The Romance of Tristan and Iseult"), criticism (Lionel Trilling's "The Liberal Imagination") and history (G. M. Trevelyan's "History of England"). Fifty-one titles have been published to date, including one original (Wylie Sypher's "Four Stages of Renaissance Style").

Anchor's experience during its first twelve months established a pattern that has been repeated in every subsequent quality paperback operation: the entire list sells almost equally well, and after the first month, settles down to a steady rate of sale.

About a year after Anchor had shown trade publishers the way Alfred A. Knopf came out with Vintage Books at 95¢, culled exclusively from the distinguished Knopf backlist and almost indistinguishable in format from Anchor Books. From Vintage's first titles, including Alfred Camus's "The Stranger," Andre Gide's "The Immoralist," and Eric Bentley's "In Search of Theatre," one can see Knopf drew a bead on the bullseye Anchor had been hitting so profitably.

Hard on the heels of Anchor came two young trade houses that had already made reputations in the field of belles-lettres, Noonday Press and Grove Press. Noonday's Meridian Books entered the market last January, promptly selling out 10,000-copy first printings of eight titles such as Irving Babbitt's "Rousseau and Romanticism" and E. M. Forster's "Abinger Harvest" at prices between $1.25 and $1.50. The Meridian people are so heartened with their initial success that they are commissioning some originals, including novels.

Flying even higher in the intellectual stratosphere, but equally well powered by dollar receipts, Grove Press issued ten Evergreen paperbound titles last winter priced from one dollar to $1.75. The first printings of half of these, including Melville's "The Confidence Man," Simone de Beauvoir's "The Marquis de Sade," and Ashley Montagu's "Immortality," are already sold out.

While most quality paperback series are primarily reprint ventures, one new line that is committed to originals has won gratifying success. This is the D. Van Nostrand Company's Anvil Books. Selling at $1.25, Anvil titles are confined to the fields of history and philosophy with titles

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like Louis L. Snyder's "The Age of Reason" and Richard B. Morris's "The American Revolution."

In a somewhat special position, but nonetheless part of the quality paperback movement is Doubleday's Image line, launched last October. Limited to titles that will "meet Catholic intellectual needs at all levels," Image gives evidence of the strong intellectual medicine some parts of the American public are willing to take: Philip Hughes's "Popular History of the Catholic Church" is outselling Bishop Sheen's "Peace of Soul." Image uses church organizations as well as bookstores—and some selected drugstores—to distribute its books. Its sixteen titles have sold 500,000 copies, a better average record than even its sister Anchor line.

In view of all these exhilarating successes the inevitable question arises: How long will it last? Although they differ in many ways, the quality and the mass-distributed paperback movements resemble each other in their swift, dangerously competitive exploitation of a new market. There appears a real danger that some of the maladies of last year's debacle in the mass-market field—cutthroat competition for display space, overexpansion by undercapitalized companies—will soon afflict the quality field. In time, some observers feel, the supply of back titles that will appeal to the quality market's public will be exhausted.

To counter all this the publishers are already trying to diversify both their lists and their outlets. Every one of them either has issued or is considering issuing originals, in some instances fiction. Although many of the publishers do not care to admit it, an uncomfortably large proportion of quality paperback sales is through bookstores near colleges and other academic centers. They are trying to extend their distribution by making their books available through church bookstands, military post exchanges, railroad and air terminals, and foreign bookstores. Latest among the merchandising devices is the paperback book club.

Until the exact nature and size of the quality paperback field is established publishers will find themselves caught in a classic business dilemma. There is money to be made in the field now. If they do not jump in soon they may lose out. On the other hand, if they do jump in they may be adding to the boom-and-bust pattern that has always plagued American reprint publishing.

Whether or not the publishers are able to solve their dilemma, these are great days for the person of moderate means who reads to stimulate his brain rather than his glands.

# Pick of Paperbacks

*Continued from page 21*

tems of communication and of how they work, and will work, in all phases of life.

MAGIC, SCIENCE AND RELIGION. By Bronislaw Malinowski. Anchor Books. 85¢. This book, by one of the pioneer anthropologists (1884-1942), consists of "Magic, Science and Religion" (1925), "Myth in Primitive Psychology" (1926), and "Baloma: The Spirits of the Dead" (1916).

WAYWARD YOUTH. By August Aichhorn. Meridian Books. $1.25. A pioneer work, originally delivered as a series of lectures in Vienna, that was first published in 1925, and deals with some early psychoanalytic methods of handling juvenile delinquency as demonstrated in certain case histories.

## Poetry

JOYCE KILMER'S ANTHOLOGY OF CATHOLIC POETS. Edited and with a new supplement by James Edward Tobin. Image Books. $1.25. A new edition of an anthology which Kilmer first put together in 1917, the year before his death, under the title of "Dreams and Images." Included are poems by Belloc, Chesterton, Colum, Hopkins, Wyndham Lewis, Thomas Merton, A. M. Sullivan, Francis Thompson, and Coventry Patmore, among others.

THE PORTABLE DANTE. Edited by Paolo Milano. Viking Press. $1.25. This edition of Dante includes "The Divine Comedy," complete, in Laurence Binyon's celebrated verse translation. There is, as well, D. G. Rossetti's version of the whole "New Life," a few shorter poems, letters, and selected short prose works.

THE PORTABLE WALT WHITMAN. Edited by Mark Van Doren. Viking Press. $1.25. Mr. Van Doren has put together here a good part of "Leaves of Grass," all of "Democratic Vistas," and selections from "Speciman Days."

THE VERSE IN ENGLISH OF RICHARD CRASHAW. Evergreen Books. $1.25. All of the poetry in English of Richard Crashaw (1612-1649), the bookish, English, Catholic convert, who was primarily a religious poet, and whose language, a triumph of the "metaphysical" poets, was as thick as a thief with such conceits as "the water blushed into wine" and "O 'tis not a Tear,/'Tis a star about to drop . . ."

## History and Politics

THE CENTURY OF TOTAL WAR. By Raymond Aron. Beacon Press. $1.50. An attempt, by a French historian, to make some sense out of the political and historical tangle the Western world has been so carefully constructing during the past forty years. Out of his findings, Mr. Aron presents us with a diagnosis, and with some thoughts on which way the remainder of the century may go.

DEMOCRACY IN AMERICA. By Alexis de Tocqueville. Vintage Press. Two volumes, 95¢ each. A new edition, edited and in places newly translated by Phillips Bradley, and based on the Francis Bowen translation from the French made in 1862.

HOMAGE TO CATALONIA. By George Orwell. Beacon Press. $1.25. An account by the late and great George Orwell of his experiences in the trenches during the Spanish Civil War, and of how those experiences finally settled and clarified his views on Communism and himself.

A POPULAR HISTORY OF THE CATHOLIC CHURCH. By Philip Hughes. Image Books. 85¢. A history for the layman of the Catholic Church, based on the author's multi-volumed work. This book was first published in 1949.

HISTORY OF ENGLAND. By G. M. Trevelyan. 3 volumes, 85¢ each. A valuable reissue of what is generally recognized as *the* history of England. This version is based on the revised edition of 1952.

THREE WHO MADE A REVOLUTION. By Bertram D. Wolfe. Beacon Press. $1.95. A history of the Russian Revolution, and in particular a study of the lives of Trotsky, Lenin, and Stalin. The book was first published in 1948 and has been completely revised for this edition.

THE WANING OF THE MIDDLE AGES. By J. Huizinga. Translated by F. Hopman. Anchor Books. 95¢. A study of the life and thought in France and the Netherlands in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, a time seeded with the fury of the Renaissance. Mr. Huizinga, who was Dutch, died in 1945.


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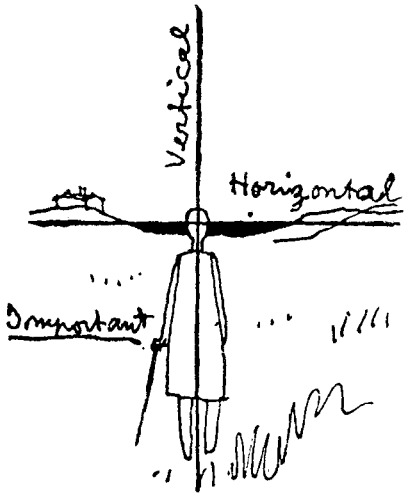
# Show Biz

*Continued from page 19*

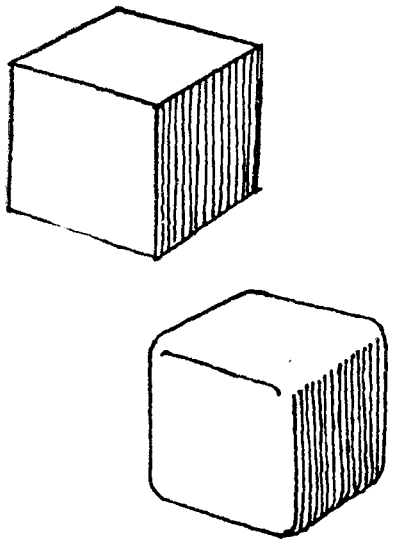
in order to retain his dream of youth he planned to marry a younger woman. Mary was profoundly shocked, but also relieved—it was like slipping out of a straitjacket. Married to Buddy Rogers she seems to be living happily-ever-after, as befits any silent-screen heroine who began working at four. Incidentally, any idea that Miss Pickford didn't write her own book is demolished (in this reviewer's mind, at least) by her dialogue. It reads exactly like the hallowed subtitles of the flickers. For instance, when Buddy Rogers proposes marriage she answers: "Yes. I would be happy to be your wife." The least malicious of women, Miss Pickford also debunks the illusions of thousands by reporting that the most ruthlessly ambitious person she ever met was Marilyn Miller, so gentle and other-worldish on the musical-comedy stage.

LEST anyone doubt that the Fairbanks-Pickford dynasty differs from other First Families, take the fact that its most conspicuous chick seems to have fled the nest for good. He's Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., the son of Doug Senior by his first wife, and in "Knight Errant" British journalist Brian Connell tells the life story of the distinguished young man who at the moment lives outside London and takes enormous pride in the fact that he moves in circles with the Queen and Duke. Best of all he likes to dress up to the part of friend-to-Royalty—"he has an especially designed chest for medals," someone has said. From time to time Mr. Connell stops his fact-studded narrative to attempt an explanation of why his subject is Royalty-struck, but he needn't for the answer is in his pages. Young Doug, well aware of his father's deficiencies, is still a sliver of the old block. When Fairbanks Senior doodled at the telephone he always blocked out the letters SUCCESS. It is no disparagement of young Doug to indicate that after a remarkable career in our wartime Navy (on active duty, rising from JG to full Commander) and tireless activity for CARE, he is still Fairbanks enough to crave SUCCESS. He was born to so much of it in Hollywood that only court circles in Britain offered any real challenge.

Hollywood still can't figure it, though. "I don't know why this guy who has a million friends and is known all over the world as a tremendously likable character should have to wear a Navy cloak, sword, or full medals," one film figure complains. Broadwayite Gilbert Miller answers this way: "To me, it's all part of the very attractive, extremely youthful quality he has—it's very refreshing. But when it comes to serious thinking there's nothing immature about Douglas."

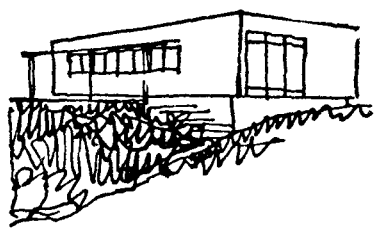



Two kinds of lines that are all but indispensable—vertical and horizontal.



Above, an exact cube. Below, the same cube with rounded edges appears heavier.

Heavy house of wood with coarse surfaces and indistinct corners.



Light house of concrete with clear surfaces and corners.

**HOW'S YOUR TASTE?** The sketches shown above all come from a newly published book called **"Good and Bad Taste,"** by Odd Brochmann (translated by M. A. Michael; Macmillan, $3.75). It is one of Mr. Brochmann's contentions that a light appearance (and, therefore, good taste) results when it is possible to draw simple straight lines through objects (as in the human figure at upper left). It is also his contention that good taste imitates nature and considers the use to which an object is to be put. Bad taste, he says, results from a confused use of such criteria, as in the house at lower left. To forestall just such catastrophes in the future Mr. Brochmann has addressed his book not just to arty folk but to everybody in general in the hope that some of its precepts will take.

## Daddy's Counsel

**JESSEL JUMBLE:** It may be hard to believe, but the offspring of the headlined marriage of Georgie Jessel to a fifteen-year-old showgirl back in 1939 is now almost fifteen herself. Realizing that his daughter stands on the threshold of maturity, Mr. Jessel has written for her **"This Way, Miss"** (Holt, $3.50) as a guidepost along the way. But if young Jerilyn takes her father's book seriously she could easily become the crazy mixed-up kid of contemporary song and story. For Daddy passes along to her such wisdom as a chapter called Beauty and Busts, telling the dire things that can happen to a girl with more figure than talent. There's also a devastating word-portrait of Uncle Al—Jolson—and Mr. Jessel's funeral eulogies to him, Fannie Brice, and George Gershwin. Altogether it is a hodgepodge of a book and it's to be hoped that Jerilyn will thank Daddy nicely, then forget to read it. Scattered throughout are pictures of Jessel staring rock-jawed and intense into the camera. Our advice to him is to relax. It might make him a better writer, even a better parent maybe.

—A. C.

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# The Rebel Galaxy in American Poetry

*Continued from page 10*

etry, in subject matter, technique, or vocabulary. Hence, all the absurdities as well as most of the originalities; the homelinesses of Frost, axes, wagons, and hired men, the pubs and gutters of early Eliot; Pound is the reduction to absurdity of the method. Even punctuation becomes poetry in cummings. The incests of Jeffers and the cynical petty details of Aiken: these and everything can be "celebrated," though certainly not optimistically. Nearly all these poets, one feels, start with or come to a conception of perfect personal anarchy, absolute freedom, which is basically and originally Whitmanesque, and which then may be discarded (as in Eliot) in favor of a tradition of some kind; but only after the fact of freedom. and only as a free choice of conventions. That is to say, none of them wrote as they did because they were inhibited by scruples of taste, dogma, or decorum. Even more directly, the metrics, the choppy mosaics of Stevens, Sandburg, Pound, Williams in particular, the surges of Jeffers, even of Aiken and Eliot derive from Walt. (What is Prufrock but "Out of the Cradle" upside down?)

Equally definite are the influences of Poe; the same combinations of the melodious and the macabre, the mannered and introverted, the cynical and the erudite appear in Aiken and Ransom, and filtered through Baudelaire in Pound and above all Eliot. Aiken is the legitimate, Eliot the illegitimate great-grandson of Poe; and Ransom of course, as the Traditional Southerner of the group, owes a direct allegiance to him.

Poe for the Southerners. Whitman for the Middlelanders, and of course Thoreau and Emerson for the New Englanders. The influence on Frost and Van Doren is too obvious to need comment (native in one case, adopted in the other); perhaps less direct, though still definite in Williams, Sandburg, Cummings. The prose writers too, Melville, Hawthorne, James, leave their traces. (What is Prufrock, again, but a character out of Henry James?)

This is not of course to deny European influences. There is much of the Pre-Raphaelite in Cummings, Aiken, Pound, and Eliot, and the French models have been examined and dwelt upon perhaps too conscientiously for their real value.

BUT certainly just as significant, just as indicative of their universal anti-colonialism has been the utter rejection by all these men (Eliot especially; Frost perhaps the exception) of the real English tradition and practice of their own period. As one man they broke with the faded Tennysonian and Swinburnian brocades of 1900 London, except for purposes of disillusion. Even more definitely they turned on the out-of-doors jonquil freshness or imperial heartiness of the mildly radical Georgians. It is one measure of the tremendous impact of American poetry in this period that in the persons of Eliot and Pound the American Rebels conquered England itself and routed the Loyal Redcoats of Masefield and De la Mare on their own ground. (The compliment was returned later by their half-American stepchildren, Auden and Spender.) In fact, the importance of Eliot and Pound lies principally in this foreign conquest. For the first time in history Americans have been *the* significant figures in European literature. In both cases the price of victory may have been extreme; the glory however was considerable. Actually the triumph was not of these two as individuals, but of the movement, the rebellion, the group as a whole. Eliot and Pound were scouts. It was America's awkward, precocious, seethingly adolescent coming-of-age that carried the literary day.

But, most ironically, they have in common Success: a thoroughly Horatio Alger, *Sat. Eve. Post*, Respectable success. To a man they lived into a maturity honored and modestly secure. Not a gutter, not a garret in the group. Even Pound achieved a nice safe jail; certainly his is the only career that can be accounted externally tragic. They have all been laureled by universities. given degrees and prizes and memberships. They have done well in other fields too. Jeffers and Eliot have been hits on Broadway, Aiken as novelist and short-story writer, Sandburg as biographer; Williams and Stevens have made careers in such extracurricular activities as medicine and insurance. Frost, Eliot, Sandburg may even have made money from their poetry. It is rather startling that so many people who have so fiercely attacked a given society should have been treated so well by it. America, despite everything, does seem to like the iconoclast, particularly the successful one. They have been, to be sure, more respected than loved; only Frost and Sandburg, and Eliot at a certain level, have achieved anything like popular affection. Nonetheless, the world of Harding and Clara Bow nurtured or at least tolerated them and the world of Eisenhower and Marilyn Monroe proposes to salute them. Perhaps nowadays the American abstract worship of a Career has once more, as after the Civil War, included poets in its Pantheon.

Not of course that this group, gang, constellation represents the whole of American poetry, accounts for its entire richness. There remain, for instance. the ladies; I hope I have not been guilty of an unpardonable condescension or Quakerism in placing them in segregation. Somehow, though, they seem to make a subtle and very various universe of their own. From Anna Hempstead Branch and Amy Lowell through Wylie and Millay and H.D. up to Leonie Adams, Louise Bogan, Marianne Moore, and a host of others, they seem to develop in a special way a sort of delicately personal vein, a concern with the oddities of the actual I derived from Emily Dickinson rather than with the Social Ego which concerns the men.

There is, too, the gallant band of the Traditionalists, defending either defiantly, nonchalantly, or wistfully the crumbling bastions of Good Taste and the literary values of Good Society; not by any means a negligible group. suffering the scorn of all advanced and academic critics, and

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**BRINGING IN THE SHEAVES:** Following is a bibliography of the "collecteds" which Mr. Burt mentions in his article:

ADAMS, LEONIE: **"A Selection,"** Funk and Wagnalls, $3, 1954.

AIKEN, CONRAD: **"Collected Poems,"** Oxford University Press, $10.50, 1953.

BOGAN, LOUISE: **"Collected Poems, 1923-53,"** Noonday Press, $3, 1954.

CUMMINGS, E. E.: **"Collected Poems,"** Harcourt, Brace, $6.75, 1954.

ELIOT, T. S.: **"Collected Poems,"** Harcourt, Brace, $3.50, 1936 (text ed., $2.50); **"Complete Poems and Plays,"** Harcourt, Brace, $6, 1952 (text ed. $4.50).

FROST, ROBERT: **"Complete Poems of Robert Frost,"** Holt, $6, 1949 (text ed., $4.50).

MACLEISH, ARCHIBALD: **"Collected Poems, 1917-1952,"** Houghton Mifflin, $4, 1952.

MOORE, MARIANNE: **"Collected Poems,"** Macmillan, $3, 1951.

SANDBURG, CARL: **"Complete Poems,"** Harcourt, Brace, $7.50, 1950.

STEVENS, WALLACE: **"Collected Poems of Wallace Stevens,"** Knopf, $6.75, 1954.

VAN DOREN, MARK: **"Collected Poems,"** Holt. $5, 1939 (limited ed. $6).

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much more truly outcast than the Rebels. Robert Hillyer, David Morton, Struthers Burt, John Hall Wheelock, George Dillon, Arthur Ficke: again a legion, whose practiced if sometimes fragile and Anglicized muse has produced its harvest too. Then the Unclassifiables, those who failed, or whose success was special, or who were caught in time and fashion by the cross currents of the Transition: Fletcher, Bishop, Hart Crane, Kreymborg, Bodenheim, whose reputations petered out, or were never established, or who died incomplete; Vachel Lindsay, Stephen Benét, Edgar Lee Masters, whose work as a whole is overshadowed by some one vein or one volume; Santayana and Torrance, the most pure of Traditionalists, and yet somehow . . . ; Sterling, Moody, Leonard, William Benét, whose force and power were muffled by the uncertain cut of their style; Robinson, a sort of elder statesman and uncle of them all. And of course the humorists, from Gelett Burgess to Ogden Nash; and the young, still unpigeonholeable talents.

THIS American outburst, added to those of contemporary Ireland and England, makes the total wealth of twentieth-century verse writing in English absolutely incalculable. I can't believe there has been anything quite like it since the sixteenth century in Italian painting. The whole body is of course beyond the real power of any one man to digest, absorb, evaluate. Even the production of this particular Rebel Galaxy is formidable in both bulk and difficulty, for there is hardly a one that is not at some point elusive and ornery. The sheer poundage and page-age is appalling. Frankly, for the lay reader a certain amount of selection, anthologizing, and Baedekerizing seems almost required. The brave soul who would march straight through the "Cantos," "Paterson," the various Jigs of Forslin, Senlin, and Festus, the 600 lyrics of Cummings, etc., is liable to get more indigestion than pleasure. No one person, I'm sure, is really capable of responding to all of them, and there is a natural tendency to value one or two and exclude the others merely as a matter of self-preservation. America is geographically too big for many Americans, and it seems that American poetry in this century is also too lavish.

It is obvious, moreover, that this constellation is not fixed. Perhaps even now, for instance, Tate does not belong to it, is too definitely the master of a younger and different generation. Frost and Ransom may be more bulwarks of the Traditional than legitimate Rebels. The fashionables would cast Sandburg and Jeffers into outer darkness; the academics and internationalists would segregate Pound and Eliot as being of an entirely different (and superior) species. They may all be right. Time, of course, time only tells. In another century, when all our works are under suspicion or in disgrace, it might seem as absurd to cluster these names together as it would be now to place Southey and Rogers alongside Keats and Wordsworth (or Moore and Scott). Stars wax and wane.

All these poets, as individuals and as a group, have their obvious faults and weaknesses, their obvious virtues too. In their rebellions they were frequently brash and odd, in their explorations more often peripheral than central. In general the exhilarations they provide are those of destruction and liberation, not of flowering and construction. There is something autumnal in their coloring.

They make together a grand show; not a hierarchy overawed by one or two men, dominated by a Goethe or a Tennyson-and-Browning twinship. No one consummate figure absorbs the whole movement as Yeats and Rilke did the poetry of their own time in their own countries. This way, one-man rule in the arts as in politics may lead to subjection or too violent counter-revolution. Let's celebrate not only the richness but the variety of our harvest. Let's have a Thanksgiving of smoking altars and sizzling turkeys, and above all honor the advancing years of these particular best products of American life (however unwilling they themselves may be to recognize themselves as such) by giving them the only compliment worth giving an author: rereading, reexamining, going over the stores to pick out the things we ourselves find valuable; and above all by never again in all future time being apologetic or uneasy about the state of American art and letters. It is, in these men, and in others too, reasonably secure for some time to come.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S
KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 1106)

HAROLD W. GLEASON:
*MATH ANATHEMA*
*(Song Before Exams)*

Pox on the rhombus! . . .
Pox on the cone and the parallelepiped! . . .
And every other figure which
Plagues the student biped!
Pox on the rectangle, the radius, the frustum!
Pox on perimeter,
Secant and diagonal!
As for those who thought the business up,
*Ding bust 'em!*

# Fiction

*Continued from page 17*

life in World War II: **"We Shall March Again"** (Putnam, $3.75). Despite its ominous title, it manifests no desire to see the phoenix of German militarism rise from its still warm ashes; and, though it introduces us to a wide variety of officers and men, they all appear to be so demoralized or so foolish that one marvels that it rose so powerfully in the first place.

The main character, a drafted lawyer named Victor Velten, is intelligent enough to see the depravity of Nazism and self-sufficient enough to resist personal corruption by it, but self-protective enough to acquiesce to its demands upon him as an able-bodied citizen of the Reich. From the triumphant start of the war to its ignominious conclusion, Velten remains "a wanderer on the periphery of decision." Only on the verge of his cynical surrender to Allied troops does he suddenly realize that intangible moral values are important after all, that he is surrendering, really, to the side he should have been on.

Partly because Velten appears throughout to be a stable, inert element, unreacting in the laboratory of his war experience, this abrupt awakening did not seem greatly affecting to me, nor did the novel as a whole, despite several intensely realized scenes. Though its parts are competently arranged, it remains an arrangement rather than an organic growth; and though it is authenticated by numerous factual details, it does not seize the imagination and make us know what it was like to have been a German soldier in the last war, or, more fundamentally, to have been any soldier in any war.

—JEROME STONE.

**SOUTHERN FANTASY:** Still another magnolia-scented offering of the post-Eudora Welty school! The theme of Charlotte Payne Johnson's first novel, **"Watching at the Window"** (Bobbs-Merrill, $3), is concerned with the fantasy world of a young Negro, Milo, and with Vern, a white prostitute, the heroine of the boy's psychosis. The clash, when these two meet, is inevitable and depressing. Although it results in the accidental death of Vern, and the institutionalization of Milo, one feels no sense of tragic loss, for it is quite impossible to become emotionally involved with such dimly realized people. The structure of the novel is contrapuntal, the style nonexistent; in the hands of a writer, it might have made a compelling short story. —DACHINE RAINER.

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*(Continued on page 42)*

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(Continued from page 41)

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# KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1107

Reg. U.S. Patent Office

By Doris Nash Wortman

| DEFINITIONS | WORDS |
|---|---|
| A. What Shakespeare says the daffodils precede as a sign of spring. | 171 150 128 187 113 50 172 |
| B. To shock with fear. | 152 92 181 71 111 66 7 |
| C. To oppress. | 59 68 20 95 132 157 173 |
| D. Shaped like a beak. | 38 8 114 139 23 94 189 105 176 |
| E. Assistant at a birth. | 87 148 13 191 29 136 164 |
| F. Having an air of easy unconcern. | 142 86 17 195 85 102 |
| G. Sidewise. | 169 159 75 100 154 134 188 |
| H. Location of the muezzin's balcony. | 161 151 36 135 28 184 48 |
| I. Makes comfortable. | 166 27 108 140 72 |
| J. Colloq. for an obstructive technique often used by disaffected labor. | 146 56 192 97 33 2 39 51 |
| K. Not quite the right color (2 wds.; not in Webster as a phrase). | 70 190 155 138 40 147 22 194 |
| L. Specifying the former League of Nations' passport issued to persons without a home government. | 83 5 141 106 55 118 |
| M. English seaside resort, where William of Orange landed 1688. | 91 96 60 44 177 101 121 |

| DEFINITIONS | WORDS |
|---|---|
| N. Mohammed's grandson, proclaimed caliph, 661. | 104 43 79 47 32 145 |
| O. Ancient village in Palestine, near the Joppa Road. | 61 124 4 53 45 160 |
| P. Where Thomas Wolfe tells his "Angel" to look. | 153 14 193 178 3 144 78 82 |
| Q. Guarantee. | 34 89 109 77 54 129 |
| R. Speech sound changing continuously in one syllable; as *out*, *ice*. | 126 88 170 63 93 1 116 21 31 |
| S. Cutting in two. | 149 127 115 168 180 62 122 58 57 |
| T. Project by inference into an unexplored situation from observations, on assumption of continuity. | 175 74 119 52 64 19 186 112 182 137 125 |
| U. Failure to provide maintenance. | 158 16 35 18 90 165 26 9 183 42 |
| V. Hindu queen. | 11 80 6 25 46 |
| W. Hard white pottery, dating from 18th cent. | 73 167 76 81 12 110 84 98 37 |
| X. Pertaining to twenty. | 130 67 133 143 65 41 24 15 |
| Y. Noisome exhalations. | 69 179 123 163 117 185 107 131 |
| Z. Imaginary kingdom in Anthony Hope's "Prisoner of Zenda." | 174 10 120 162 103 156 30 49 99 |

## DIRECTIONS

*To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning. . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line. . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop. Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.*

| | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| | | | | | | | 1 R | 2 J | 3 P | | 4 O | 5 L | 6 V | 7 B | | 8 D | 9 U | 10 Z | 11 V |
| 12 W | | | 13 E | 14 P | | | 15 X | 16 U | 17 F | | 18 U | 19 T | 20 C | 21 R | 22 K | | 23 D | 24 X | 25 V |
| 26 U | 27 I | 28 H | 29 E | 30 Z | 31 R | | | 32 N | | | 33 J | 34 Q | 35 U | 36 H | 37 W | 38 D | | 39 J | 40 K |
| 41 X | 42 U | | 43 N | | 44 M | 45 O | 46 V | 47 N | 48 H | 49 Z | 50 A | 51 J | | 52 T | 53 O | 54 Q | 55 L | | |
| 56 J | 57 S | | 58 S | 59 C | 60 M | 61 O | | 62 S | 63 R | 64 T | 65 X | | 66 B | 67 X | 68 C | 69 Y | | | |
| 70 K | 71 B | | 72 I | 73 W | 74 T | | 75 G | 76 W | 77 Q | 78 P | 79 N | | 80 V | 81 W | 82 P | | 83 L | | |
| 84 W | 85 F | | 86 F | | 87 E | 88 R | 89 Q | 90 U | 91 M | 92 B | | 93 R | 94 D | 95 C | 96 M | 97 J | 98 W | | |
| | 99 Z | 100 G | 101 M | 102 F | | 103 Z | 104 N | 105 D | 106 L | | 107 Y | 108 I | | 109 Q | 110 W | 111 B | 112 T | | |
| 113 A | | 114 D | | 115 S | 116 R | 117 Y | 118 L | 119 T | 120 Z | 121 M | | 122 S | 123 Y | | 124 O | 125 T | 126 R | | |
| 127 S | 128 A | 129 Q | 130 X | 131 Y | 132 C | | 133 X | 134 G | 135 H | 136 E | 137 T | 138 K | 139 D | 140 I | 141 L | | 142 F | | |
| 143 X | 144 P | 145 N | | 146 J | 147 K | 148 E | 149 S | | 150 A | 151 H | 152 B | 153 P | | 154 G | | 155 K | 156 Z | | |
| 157 C | 158 U | 159 G | | 160 O | 161 H | 162 Z | 163 Y | 164 E | | 165 U | 166 I | 167 W | 168 S | 169 G | 170 R | 171 A | | | |
| 172 A | 173 C | 174 Z | 175 T | | 176 D | 177 M | 178 P | | 179 Y | 180 S | 181 B | | 182 T | | 183 U | 184 H | 185 Y | | |
| 186 T | 187 A | 188 G | | 189 D | 190 K | | 191 E | 192 J | 193 P | 194 K | 195 F | | | | | | | | |

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 40 of this issue.



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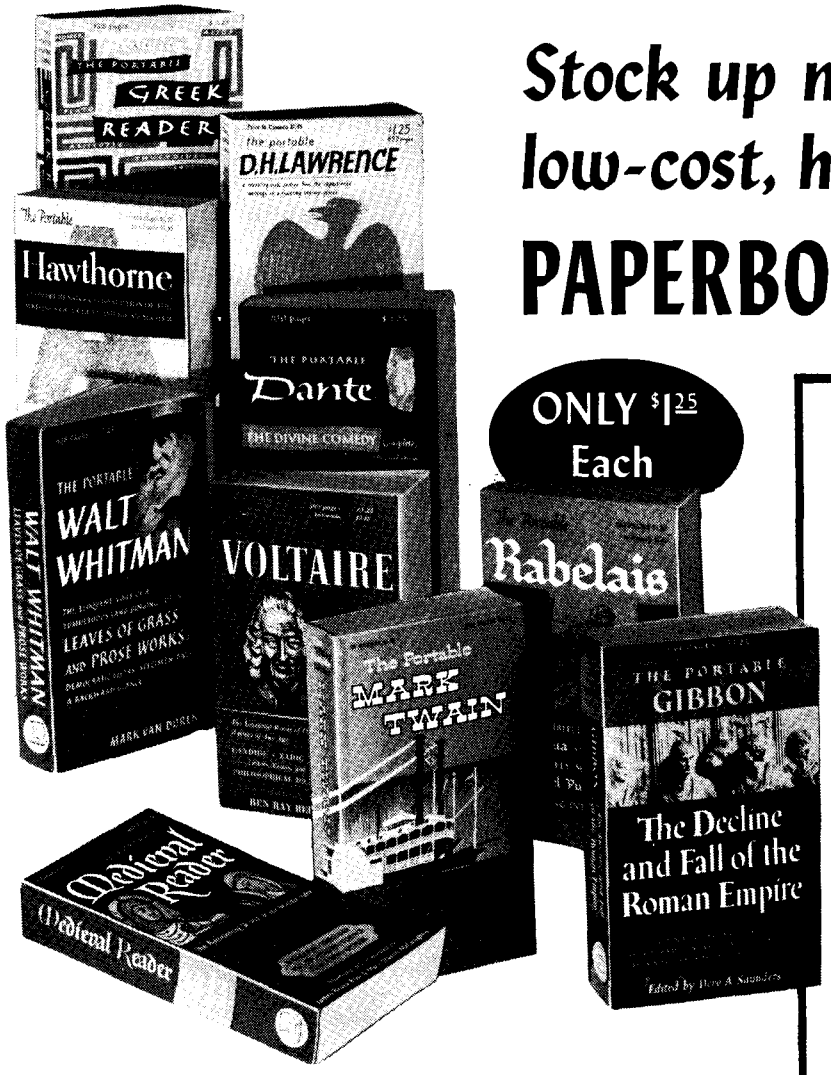


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